

THE ART AMATEUR

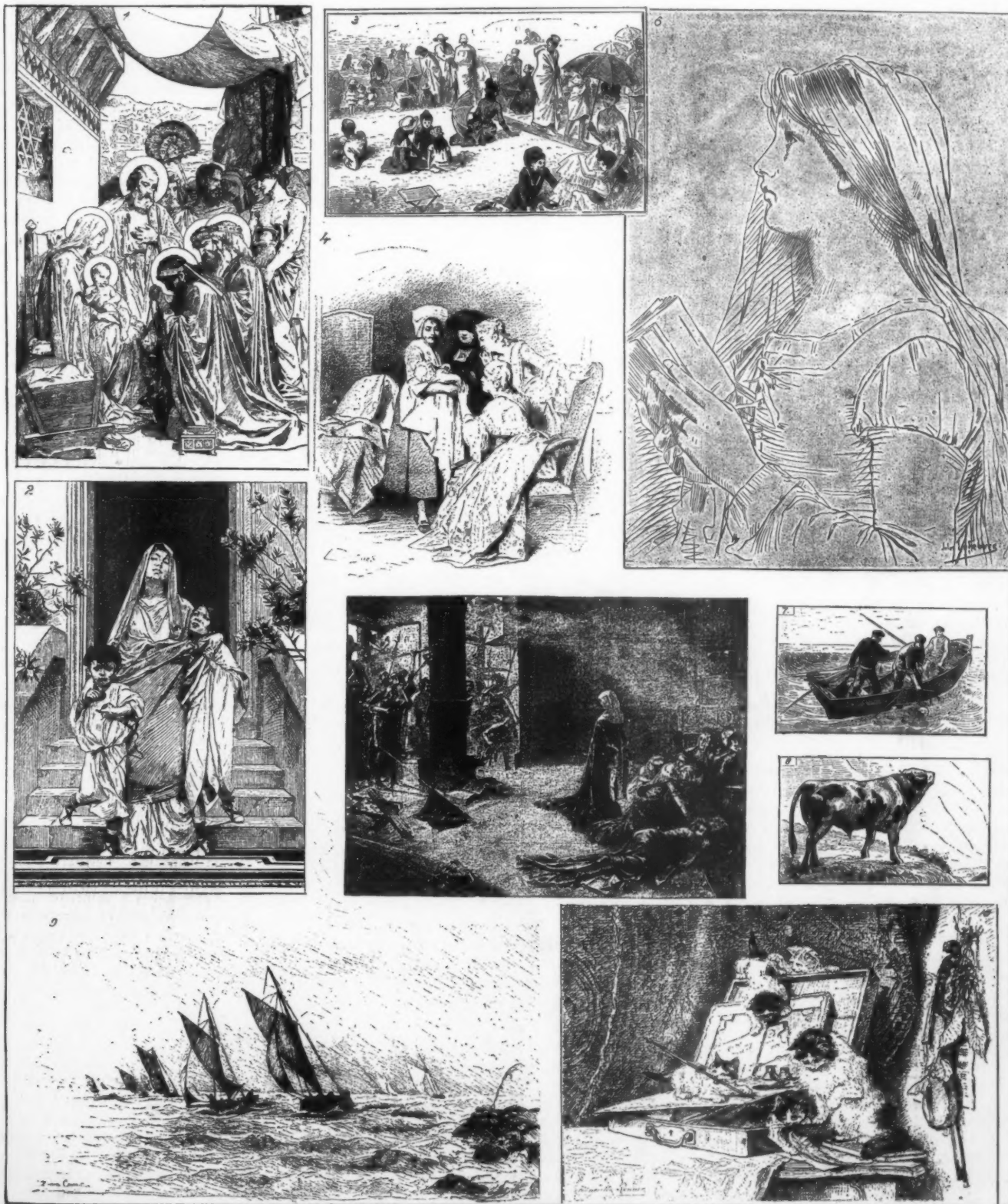
DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF
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PICTURES IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1885.

1. "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU. 2. "THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI." BY G. BOULANGER. 3. "THE BATHING HOUR AT TRÉPORT." BY A. AUBLET. 4. "THE FIRST TOOTH." BY C. DAUBIGNY.
5. "THE JACQUERIE." BY G. ROCHEGROSSE. 6. "LAURE." BY J. LE FEBVRE. 7. "LOBSTER FISHING." BY G. BOURGAIN. 8. "AN ALPINE BULL." BY E. HUARD.
9. "THE RETURN OF THE SHRIMPERS." BY M. P. A. COURANT. 10. "A FINE ART SCHOOL." BY HENRIETTA ROHRER.

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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

THE discovery of numerous scratches on pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition has been the occasion of a flood of indignant letters to the London newspapers. And what particularly arouses the public wrath is that, even after the outrage has been exposed, the offence has been repeated. The general belief is that the damage was done by, or at the instigation of, artists whose pictures were rejected. Such a suspicion, of course, is monstrous, but no one seems to have taken the trouble to intimate as much. Testimony has been offered, however, to prove that the scratching must have been done between certain hours when the general public and non-exhibiting artists were not admitted. Later, a letter has appeared in *The Daily News*—if I remember right—pointing out how easy it would be for an attendant to inflict the damage, quite innocently, by dusting the pictures with a half-worn feather-brush. This seems to solve the whole mystery. At one time there was a great outcry in the newspapers at the vandalism of certain ruffians who had stripped the bark off the trees in St. James Park. Detectives were set to watch for the offenders; but despite their vigilance the trouble continued. Finally some one discovered that this particular kind of tree sheds its own bark. While it can hardly be urged that the paintings at the Royal Academy scratch themselves, it is easy to see how the scratching may continue even after attention has been called to the fact, and yet the public may be guiltless in the matter.

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AMONG the various explanations offered by newspaper correspondents of the damage done the pictures, one was that the ladies poked their heads forward and scratched the canvases with the protruding pins which are worn in hats and bonnets nowadays. This called forth a crushing rejoinder from a spirited defender of her sex, who scoffed at the ignorance of "the he thing," as she called the offender, who did not know that the points of the pins were turned in the opposite direction to that of sight. But this did not deter another contemptible "he thing" from suggesting that the damage was done by the fashionable excrescence—which in London, by the way, assumes startling proportions—with which the ladies seek to rival the graceful form of their Hottentot sisters. The wretch intimated that literally the ladies turn their backs on the pictures for the purpose of gossiping, and that is how the damage is done.

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I CERTAINLY confess to more sympathy with the woman who would resent this base insinuation than for the "British Matron" who has been indignantly protesting, in a letter to *The Times*, against the admission to the Academy of pictures of nude figures, which made her "blush" in the company of her daughters. There is absolutely nothing even approaching impropriety in the exhibition in question, and if the "British Matron" is not a prurient prude, she is, to say the least, a person of very imperfect education. Her letter has been discussed a good deal, and I am surprised to find how many followers she has among sensible women, whose mothers would seem to have taught them everything that a gentlewoman should know except that perhaps most important thing of all, to distinguish between true and false delicacy. What a sham is the so-called art revival in England, when it appears that this ignorant protest of the "British Matron" really represents—as I am satisfied that it does—the feelings of the mass of middle-class society! Among the higher class of society, where the daughter of the house has, from childhood, lived with fine paintings and sculpture, and would be severely reprimanded for her indelicacy should she find anything indelicate in a work of art in itself wholly pure, such a letter, of course, provokes an amused and pitying smile. Servant girls, in dusting the pictures and statuary, must frequently be shocked in the same way; but they do not write to *The Times*, proclaiming their ignorance. I wonder, by the way, what pleasure the "British Matron" and her daughters can derive from their visits to the

great art galleries of Europe, which it is their boast to have seen, when the mere suggestion of the undraped human figure is an abomination in their eyes!

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IT will hardly be claimed, I think, by the most ardent admirer of the British nation, that the pictorial art of the country is just now in a very hopeful condition; yet the prevailing impression of innocuous inanity one gets from a visit to the Royal Academy is a positive relief after the disgust one experiences in confronting the pictorial horrors and indecencies which give the first impression in a visit to the Paris Salon. You leave the Palais de l'Industrie with a bad taste in the mouth; Burlington House, simply tired, and irritated at having wasted your energies in looking at such a mass of rubbish as occupies the greater part of the wall space. These general observations, I need hardly say, are not meant to take the place of analytical criticism. But a first impression is not without value in the formation of a critical estimate of the merit of a collection of paintings; certainly a first visit should leave a feeling quite different from that of disgust or contempt—as, indeed, it does if made to such collections as those of the Louvre and the National Gallery; so that when a visit to the Salon or the Royal Academy, instead of giving the aesthetic pleasure we are taught to associate with the true functions of art, leaves only a feeling of mental and physical discomfort, it is not unreasonable to assume that there is something radically wrong in the present art of the two countries, at least so far as it is represented in their respective national exhibitions. As to the physical discomfort in itself, I do not mean to lay much stress on that. At best, picture-gallery visiting is tiring. Ruskin thinks that the extraordinary fatigue one experiences from it—"Academy headache" they call it in London—is due, in part at least, to the constant alteration of the focus of the eye as it wanders from one picture to another. He is probably right; and it might be added that it is particularly painful to look at skied pictures, which one, accustomed to New York Academy exhibitions, does in spite of himself if he wants to find what is most worthy of notice. But while overtaking physical endurance will produce fatigue in a gallery of great paintings as well as of inferior ones, in the former case we at least carry away the impression of noble works, which, even after the lapse of many years, will linger still to give us pleasure, and to form a standard for future comparisons. Out of the thousands of canvases in the Salon and Academy, how few there are that one would care to remember! Of course it would not only be unfair but impertinent, after devoting a few brief hours to each of these exhibitions, for one to attempt to dispose of their claims by such sweeping denunciation as may seem implied in the foregoing remarks. In two such large and, in a sense, important collections, detailed examination must bring to light many pictures worthy of praise. This is particularly true of the Salon exhibition, whose merits are at first obscured by the aggressiveness in size and prominence in position of the more objectionable paintings. The Paris correspondent of *The Art Amateur* has already written in detail on the subject. But in the case of the Royal Academy, although there are not a few works which save the exhibition from absolute contempt, I am bound to say that the first impression of the general worthlessness of the collection is not materially modified by the calmer judgment formed by a second and a third visit to Burlington House. Pictorial art in France, while at present in a state of transition, has still the powerful elements of originality and technical excellence. In England the English school of painting—scarcely a century old—seems already in its decadence.

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FOR painting in the grand style one does not look to England. The nearest approach to it has been found in some of the works of the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton. His canvases are all but unknown in the United States; but when it is said that he has the refinement and artificial grace of Cabanel, somewhat less technical facility and rather more force, it may be judged that he is not exactly a Michael Angelo; but he is quite as handsome and in point of accomplishments almost as versatile as the great Tuscan. This year he sends only a decorative frieze, called "Music," very agreeable in color, and a bloodless portrait, as smooth and pretty as a young lady's porcelain painting. George F. Watts, whom we know by the loan collection of his works at the Metropolitan Museum as a poetical painter of high

ambition, sends to the Grosvenor Gallery his "Love and Life"—the companion to his "Love and Death," familiar to New Yorkers. To the Academy he contributes a full-length portrait of "Miss Laura Gurney," which is more than doubtful in drawing, carelessly modelled, and by no means pleasing in color. Hubert Herkomer has several portraits of public men, including Sir Watkin Wynn, of railroad fame, and the Earl of Ducie—or rather the head of his lordship, for what should be the body is nothing but a rusty suit of empty clothes. But he has made a most serious effort in the portrait of Miss Katharine Grant, one of those studies in white in which Comerre succeeded wonderfully and his imitators have generally failed. As Mr. Herkomer has not the gift of color, it is not surprising that he, too, has been overcome by the technical difficulties of the problem; but the figure of the lady is boldly and carefully painted, and, altogether, this is the best female portrait of his I have seen. Frank Holl, formerly one of the strongest genre painters in England, produces now little else than portraits. In the present exhibition he has no less than eight, which, while—like Mr. Herkomer's—broad and forcible, have little spirit in impersonation. Exceptions must be noted, however, in the case of his strong heads of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and the Earl of Dufferin, which, notwithstanding the audacity with which the artist has rubbed blue pigment into his lordship's hair, to balance the broad ribbon of the same color, is grandly painted and full of distinction. Mr. Holl has a life-size picture of Wilson Barrett as "Hamlet," but it is the Prince of the tawdry, conventional stage type, with all its commonplace sentiment. W. W. Ouless, another popular portrait painter, sends half a dozen canvases; but he seems singularly careless of his reputation, his faces each year getting more painty and unnatural. Val Prinsep, who has some excellent genre pictures in the exhibition, fails miserably in his terra-cotta and crimson portrait of Mrs. David Carmichael, which is to be placed in "the new Hospital for Women in Madras"—another instance of British tyranny in India.

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I WISH that a good word could be said for our gifted countryman, J. S. Sargent. His portraits in the Paris Salon showed such a falling off—especially in the bad drawing of the hands of his sitters—that I sought out with more than common interest his work in the Royal Academy. It is no less mannered and uninteresting. His "Lady Playfair" is as unsympathetically posed and as streakily painted as his "Mme. V." at the Salon. Mr. Sargent, it is understood, has profited by the decadence of his master, Carolus Duran, whose whimsical egotisms have driven to the studio of his clever pupil not a few of M. Duran's former friends and admirers in the beau monde. But Mr. Sargent must now look to his own laurels. His charming portrait of Miss Burckhardt, which established his reputation, in America at least—his previously painted portrait of Carolus Duran is not so well known there—will not much longer serve him in stead. It is about three years since he produced his remarkable picture of dancing women in a Spanish inn, and since he has exhibited nothing worthy of his reputation.

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SUCCESS in portraiture has, artistically speaking, ruined the career of many a gifted painter. In no other branch of the profession can money be made so rapidly, and it calls for no little force of character in one who has been working for years for a competence to see at last the road to wealth open to him through the gate of fashionable life and refuse to take it. Every artist has not the courage of Gainsborough, who, when overwhelmed with orders for portraits by the aristocracy of England, never forgot that he was also a landscape painter, and would run away from the caresses of the fashionable world to the companionship of the trees and meadows of his dear Suffolk. Just now I mentioned Frank Holl as once strong in genre. Since he has become a successful portrait painter he has produced nothing that I can remember in earnest of the early promise of his "Leaving Home." So with Hubert Herkomer, who seems to have reached the height of his artistic career with "The Last Muster" and "Missing." And what can one say of that once enthusiastic young pre-Raphaelite, John Everett Millais, when we see him rest his reputation at the Academy this year on such a canvas as "The Ruling Passion"—a family group surrounding an invalid ornithologist, with stuffed birds of brilliant plumage about him, and all the figures

and accessories of the picture keyed up to the highest pitch to respond to the shrieking color which gives the motive for this extraordinary performance? The faces evidently are portraits, although among the children one recognizes the time-honored young lady who has been painted by Mr. Millais over and over again and, with slightly varying costume, called "Caller Herrin," "Cinderella," and I know not what besides. But she is getting a big girl now, and the artist will soon be obliged to find another model for his pictures of youthful maidens. Yet let me be fair. Mr. Millais's portraits of children are as admirable as ever. In his best days he did nothing more delightful than "The Lady Peggy Primrose" in the present exhibition. But are we never to have another genre picture from his brush like his "Huguenot Lovers," "The Black Brunswicker," "The Release," "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "The Crown of Love?" That Mr. Millais should have got over his pre-Raphaelite fever at an early age is not to be regretted; but that his artistic enthusiasm, which subsequently found expression in such pictures as I have named, should have died away and given place to the perfunctory portrait painting, which now forms the style of his work, is sincerely to be deplored. Canvases of "The Lady Peggy Primrose" type will always be popular in England, where the love of home and the little ones is great. G. A. Storey follows in the same vein with "As Good as Gold," a charming little girl wearing a mob cap and posed like Reynolds's "Penelope Boothby," of which one is otherwise forcibly reminded by this picture. Joseph Clarke shows, with the title "Mother's Darling," a young mother leaning fondly over the bed of her sick boy. In this class of subjects the British painter particularly excels; and however some of our art critics may sneer at it, it certainly should be more in sympathy with American ideas than the ribald or frivolous class of subject which gives the tone to modern French genre. If there be an English school of painting apart from landscape, it is to be recognized rather by the attention given to the study of human expression in the portrayal of incidents in domestic or national life than by technical excellence, in which the artists of Great Britain have never held high rank. Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," "The Rent Day" and "The Cut Finger," William Collins's "Happy as a King," Erskine Nicol's "Both Puzzled," Henry O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" Frith's "Railway Station" and "The Derby Day"—these, while often showing very inferior painting, are as thoroughly national as the illustrations in Punch by Charles Keane or that masterly draughtsman, Du Maurier, and they are as opposite in sentiment from anything French as is Punch from the *Journal Pour Rire* or the infamous *Vie Parisienne*.

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BUT when the ambition of the British artist turns him from this legitimate field for his labors to attempt a classical or a sacred theme, he is almost sure to fail. This fact is painfully illustrated in regard to the latter by Frederick Goodall at the Royal Academy. In an attempt to represent the descent of the Spirit of God, in the form of a dove, upon the Holy Child, he has produced a picture which—while conceived, doubtless, in all reverence—must, by reason of its total lack of sentiment, shock the religious sense of every Christian visitor. And it is not only in scriptural themes—of which, happily, there are few in the exhibition—that the British painter fails, but in almost every subject calling for poetic treatment. Take the nude pictures, intended to be classical, such as E. J. Poynter's "Diadumené," Miss Rae's "Ariadne Deserted by Theseus"—a case of justifiable abandonment, if ever there was one, or Philip Calderon's overfed "Andromeda." They are made up of mere forms, more or less beautiful, and utterly without sentiment or expression. Turn to the draped classicism, I will not say of that most wretched of daubers, J. R. Herbert, no less than seven of whose canvases are on "the line," but of that other, and certainly more endurable Academician, Edwin Long, who exhibits an even half dozen; and when you learn that the productions of the latter are in great demand and sell for thousands of pounds apiece, wonder no longer at the woeful state of pictorial art in England. Then we have Frith's attempt at an historical picture—"John Knox at Holyrood"—the fiery divine most unprovokedly interrupting a crowd of expressionless courtiers listlessly playing "Hunt the Slipper;" Philip Morris's sprawling effort in a similar field, "The First Prince of Wales," and Elizabeth

Butler's latest failure at a British battle scene. By the way, it is not generally known that the latter lost by only one vote her chance of becoming an associate of the Royal Academy, Hubert Herkomer winning the honor in her stead. She will never have another chance.

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IT is wonderful, too, to see the size of the canvas which is found necessary for the conveyance of the grand conceptions of some of the painters—W. F. Yeames's "Prisoners of War," for instance, showing two young English middies of the time of Bonaparte, in the custody of French grenadiers, and curiously regarded by a crowd of picturesquely attired fisherwomen, who, as a witty young lady of my acquaintance remarked, looked like chorus women in Italian opera, who did not know what to do with their hands. The same criticism would apply to J. E. Hodgson's "Don Quixote Freeing the Galley Slaves," with the difference that in the latter case the scenery as well would seem to have been copied from the opera-house, and that the painting is far inferior to that of Mr. Yeames, whose picture in parts has decided merit, especially in the facial expressions of the prisoners, one of whom is recklessly defiant, and the other would be so if the poor lad were not evidently suffering from a wound incurred probably in resisting capture. In lighting his picture, the British painter seems no less dependent upon the teachings of the stage than in the grouping of his supernumeraries. From no other source could Mr. Dicksee have got the inspiration for the tricky canvas he calls "Chivalry," or Mr. Riviere for his "Sheep Stealer," with the moonlight turned on in a way only known to the spectacular drama.

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RUSKIN says somewhere that though not infallibly a test of character in individuals color power is a great sign of mental health in nations; when they are in a state of intellectual decline, their coloring always gets dull. This is sad if true, for that English painters are, as a rule, deficient in the sense of color is well known. A few seem sensible of the fact, and boldly try to shine among their brethren by force of contrast. Chief of these is Luke Fildes, once one of the foremost of the British genre school. But apparently he has fallen by the way, together with Millais, Herkomer, Holl, and Morris, who, at one time, bade fair to maintain the succession of such men as Wilkie, Nicoll and O'Neil. He now paints glowing Venetian scenes of flowers and flower girls, which, while intended to be gay in color, are too often merely gaudy. At best, such pictures are frivolous compared with the earnest genre work on which he founded his reputation. A curious example of the indifference of the English artist to chromatic principles in painting is furnished by the otherwise excellent picture by John Pettie, called "Challenge," representing a young blood who has slipped on his blue robe de chambre and white satin breeches to receive the bearer of a cartel, the occasion of which evidently puzzles him. Only the back of the envoy is seen as he swaggers out of the bedroom, but the expression is as admirably conveyed as the bewilderment of the challenged. Now, the canvas might be cut perpendicularly in two parts, and it would be found that the whole of the right side, including the bed-hangings and the costume of the young gentleman, is cold in color, while the rest of the picture is about as hot as the glowing reds could make it. Even in the "Salon of Mme. Recamier," by W. Q. Orchardson, who is probably the best painter of genre in England, although his style is not at all English—indeed, if it were not known that he has studied only at the schools of the Scottish Academy and of the Royal Academy of London, it would not be easy to believe that his peculiar elegance and facile technique had not been acquired under the influence of French masters—even in his pictures, and noticeably in the one named, one finds curious blemishes in color. In the interesting canvas under consideration spots of hot color are distributed over the picture in a way that cannot fail to offend the critical eye.

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IN landscape and marine there are more good pictures in the exhibition than the limited space I have left myself will allow me to do anything like justice. In the former branch of painting English artists deservedly hold high rank. An admirable sea piece is "Yo, Heave oh!" by J. C. Hook, showing a group of fishermen and women hauling a boat up the beach on a breezy day. The wind is really blowing, the men and women really working,

and the very atmosphere seems to have the flavor of the ocean. I think this, in some respects, a better picture than "The Stream," by the same artist, which has been bought by the Academy under the terms of the Chantry bequest. Mr. Hook's "Close of Day" is a fine golden sunset effect, fiery and Turneresque. Vicat Cole's "Iffley Mill" and "Sinodum Hill" show that he has forfeited none of his claim as an admirable interpreter of the sweet sentiment of English landscape. John Brett, who is greatly admired in England, contributes a liberal number of his wonderfully sunny Cornish coast scenes, in which every pebble and every lichen is rendered with untiring industry and fidelity. I have read somewhere of a pre-Raphaelite landscape—merely a representation of a bit of waste land, if I remember aright—which filled a botanist with wild delight because, on looking at the picture, he recognized the locality immediately as that where a peculiar species of dandelion is to be found, which the artist had faithfully recorded. A naturalist might experience the same joy in regarding one of Mr. Brett's coast scenes. I am sure that every shell and every bit of sea-weed the latter introduces in his pictures could at once be recognized and labelled. This is all very well, judging the painter's work from his own point of view as to the proper functions of the artist in the premises; but for my own part, I confess that I find it hard to believe that such photographic transcripts from nature have any serious claim to be considered as high art. Much more to my liking is Henry Moore's admirably rendered stretch of sea, without pictorial incident of any kind save the distant steamer, which gives the title, "The Newhaven Packet."

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WERE it not for its great size and the fact that it was heralded in the American journals last year that such a picture was being painted for the Royal Academy, I would not refer to Colin Hunter's "Niagara." A more dreadful failure to paint the noble rapids above the Falls assuredly was never seen. How such a wretched performance—chunks of adamant matter absolutely without movement—could be admitted even to the Royal Academy passes comprehension.

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ALFRED HUNT'S "Bright October," showing a peaceful, secluded glen, with pools of water, is thoroughly English in sentiment, poetically conceived, and cleverly executed. Very different in its French manner, and the more interesting by contrast on that account, is the charmingly painted "Autumn Afternoon," by our expatriated Bostonian, Mark Fisher; and in an adjacent room we come upon his "Cattle; Bay of Kenmare," which, full of knowledge and love of nature, no less has a distinction of its own. Ernest Parton sends two excellent landscapes—"The Twilight Hour" and "Streatley-on-Thames," one of a series of country homes in England. E. A. Abbey has "A Milkmaid," which I somehow failed to see. George W. Boughton sends "Milton Visited by Andrew Marvel"—containing many figures—a well-composed exterior view of an Elizabethan dwelling. There are some exquisite passages of color, but it cannot be said that, as a whole, the picture is interesting. One gets tired of the heavy-faced, thick-lipped men and women Mr. Boughton invariably gives us, whether the subject be Hollander, Puritan, or English of the last century. Among several contributions of Anna Lea Merritt, nothing pleases me so much as the graceful seated figure, in profile, of "Eve." The face is almost concealed, as it terminates the beautiful line made by the curve of the back. Mrs. Merritt's other canvases are portraits of Sir Lambton Loraine, Lady Loraine and child, and Mr. Russell Sturgis. These all show a decided improvement in technique.

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HERE I am at the end of my notice of the Academy, and actually have forgotten to mention Alma Tadema, around whose picture in the Exhibition there is always an admiring crowd. "Reading from Homer" it is called, and it reminds one of his "Sappho." I find it interesting only from the fact that the textures are as wonderfully rendered as usual. But is it not time that this artist gave us something beside marble? Undoubtedly he paints it better than any other master, living or dead; but surely that is not enough to maintain the rank accorded him by his friends as one of the first artists of the day!

MONTEZUMA.

LONDON, June 26, 1885.

PICTURE CRITICISM.

THE dearth of rational criticism is a serious drawback to the progress of art among us. While our students are assimilating all that is to be learned in the foremost European schools and discovering, some of them, very remarkable talents, our art criticism is not progressing at a corresponding rate. There has been a change for the better in it, but it is only one of taste, based on a wider knowledge, certainly, but not a more exact. It is a change that has come over the public at large by which our art-criticism has benefited, and not the reverse, as should be the case.

The knowledge which enables the critic to lead his public and to keep abreast of current movements in art is possessed by very few. Most of our writers on art—the English included—have had no other than a literary or journalistic training; and hence it often happens that their admiration is won by a wretched pastiche in which they perceive something that reminds them of Titian or Giorgione, while a strong and lifelike work, animated by modern ideas and feelings, runs great risk of being passed by or perhaps condemned as a merely technical affair, devoid of spiritual significance.

This attitude is sometimes supported by arguments as absurd as one would expect them to be, but none the less mischievous. They amount to saying that in art technique is of no account. It is the feeling that escapes analysis, the grace that cannot be measured, the genius that transcends the rules, that distinguish the work of art from the production of mechanic skill. Given these great qualities, we can forego technical excellencies. And when the critic instinctively recognizes their presence, all he has to do is to sound the loud timbre and make as much noise of praise and exultation as possible. When, on the contrary, he is unable to perceive anything of the kind in the picture under consideration, he is never to admit that the fault may be in him, in his imperfect understanding of the language that the painter must use. He is at liberty to damn the work offhand as a product of soulless mechanism.

And yet when a work is really excellent in technique, the fault is very likely to be in the observer who sees nothing more than technique in it. A clever man may, of course, acquire a modern master's method as easily or more easily than he could that of an old master. And his work may show cleverness and a gift for imitation only. But when the method is to any extent new, it is safe to suppose that it is the vehicle of new ideas and new sentiments, and that it is probably their very originality that prevents one from perceiving them at once. The greater number of modern paintings may be commonplace as to their motives. The same may be said of most paintings of former periods. But such an assertion cannot be truthfully made of modern art as a whole. And as for those works which merely show its influence without adding to it, it is not as reasonable to value them for what there is in them as to condemn them for not being masterpieces?

When, on the other hand, a critic goes into ecstasies over a picture full of faults such as an ordinarily clever student would be incapable of, why should the public be expected to take his praises on trust? May he not be lending, from his own stores, the large seriousness, the "souffle d'art" which he thinks he finds in the painting? If such things are there, they are embodied in lines and shades and tints; and it is his duty to lay his finger on them. He should not push his analysis so far as to divorce the spirit from the matter to which the artist has wedded it.

Indeed, if a picture is a good picture, it will be impossible for a conscientious critic so to treat it. A painter cannot think but in the terms of his art—i. e., in forms and colors, brush-strokes and touches of pigment, any more than a writer can without using words and phrases. His technique is just as essential to the one as to the other. A man, by long practice or by the force of great genius, may have such control of the means proper to his art as to be able to produce freely, without giving them particular attention; but he is all the more certain to keep his conceptions within their bounds. If he tries to paint something that is unpaintable, he is a big fool, not a big painter. The more inseparably the meaning is bound up in the technique, the more successful the picture, and, in so far, the greater.

The criticism that ignores this principle is not sound criticism, but writers who are not specialists, when they turn to criticising works of art, are very apt to ignore it. Hence it is that artists, accustomed to regard form and

meaning as one, make the best critics. Delacroix and Fromentin and Millet are among the best writers on art that the world has seen. They will hardly be accused of undervaluing the significance of a great work, nor of turning away from it because of inconsiderable technical defects. But, on the other hand, they never omit to bring forward, as the most necessary evidence of greatness, the technical points in which it is shown.

It is true that many remarkable works fall far short of perfection in some matters of technique; but they approach very close to it in others. A work may be ill-drawn, but may be grandly composed and harmoniously colored. Then it is not in the poor drawing, but in the fine color and composition that its value lies. Whether the painter's motive be simply to please the eye or to instruct and elevate the mind—whether he has sublime thoughts to express, or only his pleasure in the way the light strikes on a glazed jar, in taking the measure of his performance the execution must be considered along with the intention. In each case their ever-varying degree of relative importance must be assigned to both. But it must never be forgotten that if any intention is really visible in the picture, it is through the execution, and that to point out the former it is necessary to refer to the latter. A satisfactory critique of a painting then will not speak of it as possessing this or that quality without showing wherein the quality is visible, whether in the handling, or in the color, or in the light and shade, or in the impressiveness of the masses, or in the subtlety of the lines. It will take into account not only the height of the theme, but also the possibility of treating the subject in painting, and then the degree of the artist's success and the skill shown by him in attaining it. There should go to the work a knowledge similar at all points to that which is necessary for the artist to have, and as little as possible inferior. General culture and literary facility are not sufficient.

The art critic should be a specialist. He should go through a special course of training to fit himself for his avocation, and while he should be no less clever as a writer than he generally is at present, and should be at least as well informed on the history and politico-social relations of art, he should know something also of its practice. It would be only too easy to reckon up the few, in this country and in England, who now fulfil these requirements, and who show themselves possessed, at the same time, of the judicial temper which is not less important. As in other cases, the supply will doubtless grow with the demand, and we may yet have in English a mass of art criticism scarcely less valuable than that which exists in the French language.

TWO CURIOUS SALES.

NOTHING, remarks M. Eudel, the clever chronicler of the Hôtel Drouot, is to be obtained more cheaply than a souvenir of a literary or artistic celebrity of our own day; and if the purchaser is sharp he can generally pick up a good bargain at an artist's or author's sale. It is quite otherwise, however, with the auctioneers themselves and their experts, who, though often bitten as deeply as any with the collecting mania, have usually some method in their madness, and who have, for the rest, plenty of opportunities to discover their mistakes and to get rid of doubtful or indifferent specimens. Then they are aware of the necessity for advertising and properly cataloguing their collections, and in this respect, at least, they are always properly prepared for death. When some noted expert's treasures pass under the hammer, the Hôtel is filled with a thoroughly Parisian crowd of flâneurs, critics, amateurs, gossips, artists, actresses, and dealers. Each of these, even the most objectless at other times, has something in view.

An example of an intelligently organized sale was that of the expert Le Febvre. He took good care that it should be so. Just as some arrange in their wills the manner of their burial, he had taken the precaution to settle in his last testament every question relating to the auction of his collection. He chose the auctioneers and the experts as carefully as one would appoint guardians for a child. He bought, on purpose, ivories, enamels and majolica, which he kept "en cachette" for the purpose of exciting curiosity. He got out his catalogue, and had it illustrated with etchings so remarkably good that it is now itself an object of research. The sale took place in the principal salon of the Hôtel Drouot. Every seat was reserved; there was a full choir of criers and bidders-in, and the ceremony was carried

out with all the pomp and circumstance imaginable. The set-up prices were not left to the discretion of the auctioneers. They were to be those paid by Le Febvre, plus twenty per cent. Result: most of the pictures were sold for fifteen to fifty per cent additional. One thousand francs was asked for a sketch by Van Dyck, and 1450 was obtained. A still life of Johannes Fyt, hare, partridges, and fruit, for which 16,000 was asked, brought 22,000. There were some sacrifices, particularly of "old masters"—Le Febvre had been too partial to them. A landscape of Hobbema, well authenticated, excellent in perspective, fine in tone—the "Maison de Campagne Hollandaise"—put up at 30,000 francs, brought only 19,100. A Ruysdael brought little more than half what was asked for it. An Ostade fared worse yet. Everybody cannot be expected to feel as secure in buying old masters as an expert. Still, the paintings alone, several of them doubtful, reached a total of about \$100,000. It is fair to suppose that the old expert had not expended so much money upon them, though it is certain that he set great store by them. Having asked of an Austrian amateur one day 30,000 francs for a Teniers, the latter, it is said, stigmatized the demand as a robbery. "A robbery!" replied Le Febvre, wild with anger. "Who are you that dares speak to me so? You are count in Germany, prince in Austria, of very little consequence in your own house, and of none at all here." And he ordered his would-be customer to leave. But though of a violent temper, he knew how to take a loss with composure. He was led to risk a very large sum in an experiment in oyster culture at Grancamp. His investment proved a total loss. He informed his friends with a smile. "You will never equal me in one thing," said he; "you will never pay so dear for a dozen of oysters."

His enamels, which he had shown to but few during his life, included some very rare pieces. An oblong coffer, in form of a temple, in copper, incised and ornamented with colored enamels, thirteenth century Byzantine work, brought 8100 francs. The price asked was 6000. Another, similar in form, with pictures of Christ and the Apostles and the entry into Jerusalem, on a blue ground, French work of the thirteenth century (supposed), brought only 1400 francs. Another, with open-work crest in copper, blue ground, with ornaments and figures of angels raised and gilded, went at 1500. A bishop's staff, with a picture of the Annunciation in the volute, and the handle decorated with scales of blue enamel, with lizards in relief, was sold for 2500. There were many fine pieces of old Limoges—portraits, religious scenes and allegories—all of which brought good prices. The Italian faience, the plates of Gubbio ware with metallic reflections of ruby red and sapphire blue, cups of Urbino ware with subjects after Raphael, of Castel-Durante in brown and blue, of Hispano-Moresque with golden reflexions, and an example or two of Palissy went very high. Old Saxony porcelain, old Sèvres, every bit of bric-à-brac sold well. The total was nearly 700,000 francs.

Quite a contrast is furnished by M. Eudel's account of the "après folie" of the effects of the unfortunate caricaturist, André Gill. With a ferocious naturalism and very little show of sympathy, the chronicler rakes up a number of anecdotes about the aristocrat turned Bohemian, the satirist whose love of notoriety finally developed into madness. In a similar strain he describes the scenes at the sale. The books and pictures of the Vicomte Gosset de Guines, director of the Luxembourg under the Commune, and contributor, under his pseudonym, to all the comic journals of his time, were given away, or rather thrown away, to a mob of reporters, students, critics and artists' models. Presentation copies, from the authors, of the works of Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet and François Coppée, books illustrated with etchings, were sold, in packages of ten, at a dollar the package. Pictures, studies, sketches, two or three at a time, brought from five to twenty-five francs. "Whom are they by?" asked somebody. The auctioneer did not know. "Nothing is guaranteed," said he. Nobody knew what he was buying. A man took whatever was brought him, and paid what he could afford, or passed it on to his neighbor. The old hats, the red chignons, the cat-skin furs, the robes that had been to the pawn-shop, waved and rustled. Their wearers roared, screamed, whistled and sang. They criticised the auctioneer for pronouncing "Périchale" instead of "Pèrikole." He saved himself, afterward, by mumbling a word or two instead of describing the object, winding up each time with "et cetera." A few pictures and the originals of Gill's cartoons, nevertheless, brought good prices.

Gallery and Studio

THE HOME OF GÉRÔME.



ATTENTION has often been drawn in these columns to the work of the distinguished Frenchman whose name appears above, and many illustrations of his pictures have been given. Until now, however, we have not found a satisfactory portrait of the master. That reproduced

herewith is considered an excellent likeness. In connection with the portrait some account of the artist's home in Paris may be found interesting. The house of no painter, perhaps, is better known in the French capital, and it is famous not only on account of its artistic furnishing and decoration, but for the extraordinary collection of objects of art it contains. Before the death of his brother-in-law, Albert Goupil, it was already a miniature museum, rich especially in rare objects of the Renaissance period and from the Orient; and since then the great picture-dealer's collection, passing into his possession, has made it necessary for M. Gérôme to plan the building of a new house adjoining the one he now occupies in the Rue Chaptat, in order to find room for his increased store of treasures.

The artist's home is described as follows by the Paris correspondent of The New York Times: "The entrance is in the courtyard, where no pompous door or elaborate staircase leads one to suppose that its summit will transport the sympathizing mind into an improvised paradise of the Eastern world. Notwithstanding this poetical element, the practical comfort of our century lights up the studio and apartment throughout with the most prosaic gas. You first enter a tiny, square antechamber lined with Cordova leather with shimmering silvered background. Even the inevitable hat-rack with its colored woods has an out-of-the-way look of successful research, while the tapestry, portières, and the accumulated rugs, leaning in their ruddy splendor against the blackwood doors, lend an inviting richness, a comfortable homelikeness, which is almost Anglo-Saxon in its unostentatious adaptability. From room No. 1 we enter a similar one, No. 2, the accession to the great halls being wisely and prudently contrived to enhance the full effect of their surprise. No. 2 is adorned with Gobelin tapestry. Queer old chairs solicit re-covering, while the amateur's nail box, standing near by, shows that a wise hammering here and there sometimes tempted the inmate. Italian paintings in frames of the same remote period face on the walls a curiously carved niche for the Virgin. We step from here into a third room, resplendent, like its predecessors, with healthful sunshine and an entire ab-

sence of the mustiness one usually associates with antiquities and bibliomania. Bronze cherubs standing on pedestals clench in their chubby hands massive metal lamps, while their smiling, dimpled faces invite you into the sanctum devoted to the original drawings of Ingres. Here you know that you must admire, but you also have the satisfaction of wishing to do so. We find among many others the woman with the balloon, as it is called; she is seated on a stone balcony, dressed in the Empire costume, her shawl thrown over her shoulders, while the balloon rises in the air to her left. Next to it we see the Italian girl, said to be the most perfect drawing in existence; it is classically and technically cold and correct.

ly hung with curtains to shut out the toilet rooms, through panelled doors of antique embroidery, we make our way into an enormous bedroom with air and light and cheerfulness peeping through the ivy-decked windows, playing at hide and seek with the double hand-wrought baldaquin surmounting a superb Henri II. bed. A marble bas-relief with red cloth covering makes a pedestal for book, clock, lamp, and sundry artistic paper-cutters and markers. The sensibly copper-lined chimney below the enormous mantel set in white embroidery on scarlet background, with its Venetian frame and the statue of the Orleans heroine, gives no idea of excess of forethought. It rather suggests comfort and home

pleasures mingled with that degree of artistic blending that came so naturally to the owner, who had only to stretch out his hand to give action to his fancy. On the lounge lion and bear-skins show their teeth and clasp their paws, falling over on Persian rugs, crumpling their hairy backs against the carved wood pulpit which serves as a writing-desk. Under the frowning extension of the pulpit a massive, plainly cut table supports the usual paraphernalia of a writer more given to what he says or dictates than to the tools he uses. The door hangings are of dark satin with trimmings of galloon taken from old livery. On the walls are the original menus of Gérôme—the man in tall hat and coat holding up the bill of fare—and of Louis Leloir, a Henry IV., with a boot in his hand to serve as a drinking-cup; a church interior of Villon, two pastels of the eighteenth century, the original of the duel of Fortuny—a picture which, by the way, was never completed—the portrait of a little boy, Louis XIV., the sketch by Jalabert of the Saviour walking on the waters, an early canvas from Detaille called 'Tirailleurs Allemands,' and others of no less value and perhaps still more uncommon.

"Now, on coming through a leather-lined nook and queerly draped alcove, with a superb blue carpet and drapery hanging over an ivory inlaid door, we enter the first large studio. Of immense height, it is lit with gas in opaque globes, so that the demi-teint lends—to the



JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME.

On the opposite wall hangs the portrait of M. Goupil by Ricard. Over the mantel a marble slab represents John the Baptist. In a corner an old Spanish coffer brings in already a note of Moorish aspect of brilliancy. On the ceiling a massive Japanese embroidery makes a background, or rather a topground, for the plain leathern chairs and various bits left here and there. One might examine them carefully were they elsewhere, and were we not hurried on by the unfortunate knowledge that we are only at the threshold of coming delights. In the library we find the model of Gérôme's 'Phryné,' also the 'Danse du Sabre,' in silver, and the 'Danse du Ventre' standing next to the 'Persée' of Benvenuto.

"Going down two steps into a low passageway, heavi-

accumulation of velvet, satins and brocaded golden stuffs; to their fresh, harmonious colors; to the arms and armor constellated with pearl, with coral, with diamonds and rubies; to the Damascus blades, where, on the blue steel glitter, run the chapters of the Koran; to the coats of mail, delicate silver lacework, embellished with jewelled points—that exact shading of atmosphere so necessary where the Eastern world is made to represent itself under our dull gray sky. In the centre of this room stands a Moorish white marble fountain, the carved ornamentation standing out on gilt background. The basin is decorated with reeds and palms of colored glass and bird medallions; it is supported with a column from a lower basin set with Persian porcelain tiles. In this

fountain were wont to bathe and crawl myriads of shrimps. On the well-waxed floor dozens of rugs lay in comforting profusion. All around the room panels of ivory and inlaid wood form a framework for the celebrated carpets, said to be the finest in the world, each one of them worthy of infinite study. A frieze of sword blades on a gilt background encircles the blue and gold ceiling, heavy with beams, which, in its turn, stretches from a centre of Turkish carpeting. Below on three sides of the room are stone and wood benches, made, I should judge, from personal designs — from odd bits and ends; they are covered with rugs as a set-off to 'bibelots.' Queer lamps of historical value hang between the gas globes. Torn and tattered Moorish flags are suspended in the corners, almost concealing rare incense-burners. In one corner antique Arabian glasses, amphoræ, drinking vessels of ancient time, hide their importance under a crystal shelter. On the left the light comes through a moncharabie of enormous proportions, and underneath is a divaned retreat, with mirrors framed in blue porcelain. Cushions ad libitum, pipes of jasmine, of ebony, of gold, mingle with musical instruments of unheard-of form and of impossible tune. The most vagrant sumptuousness, the most frightful debauchery of splendor, an utter confusion of color and prodigality of the crude elements of barbarous luxury, mingle with a regal simplicity

of ensemble that only an Orientalist or an artist could venture, and which scoffs at all criticism and commands

respect. When to this accumulation of scientific prismatic mise en scène you add artistic bibelots worthy of

you enter a small room with low ceiling of Japanese embroidery. It was here the suppers were served on fête

nights. A small marble fountain, usually filled with flowers, forms the chimney. Opposite hangs the portrait of Ingres, by David, near by the sketch of the 'Femme vue de Dos' of Fortuny. Raising a curtain of blue velvet you bend beneath an enormous carved tribune with panels of the sixteenth century. An organ is nearly hidden under massive Venetian embroidery. The stoves — necessary but frightful detail — are made to hide their agreeable ugliness behind wrought-iron doors, which, unless you inquisitively molest, seem to guard the entrance to some mysterious mosque. Flemish carved oak

benches stand on each side resplendent with their brass lions and their ancient velvet coverings. On the walls, stretched on crimson lampas, are the famous Flemish tapestries bequeathed to the Gobelin manufactory. They are in perfect condition. One represents the adoration of the Magi; it has 12 figures; another the Annunciation. We see the angel Gabriel holding his sceptre and a pendant while he salutes the Virgin, who is kneeling. Above appears the Father, with the world in His hand, and the other raised to give the blessing. The two well-known pieces of furniture of Jean Goujon face the tribune. One, of the Renaissance style, is inlaid with the usual marble plaques. The four doors are ornamented with eagles, chimeras, and



"CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE." BY FRANK MOSS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PHILADELPHIA.



"RESURRECTION OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER." BY FRANK MOSS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

Passing under a Moorish window, beneath Mexican heads of murderous aspect, between columns of crushed beetles,

massive foliage. Medallions of oval form show warriors gilded with the brush. Above are bronze figures

of smaller proportions. On the second meuble are seen the seasons, forming a bas-relief; garlands of flowers and fruit ornament the corners, while on the extreme top Jupiter, in green bronze, surmounts a figure, in gilded bronze, of Fortune. There is nothing outside of the Louvre that can at all compare with these two well-known specimens of the artist's skill. A full-sized marble bust of a youth with half-closed eyelids standing near by is attributed to Donatello. In any case it is remarkable both for the elevation of style and the simple grandeur of its drawing. An enormous marble chimney, taken from the Château de Moutal, and dating from the sixteenth century, is placed in one corner. Here and there stand glass-cases containing as much treasure as their limited space affords, tempting one to a lingering inspection; the odd bits of Venetian, Roman, Spanish, and Flemish art pass unnoticed amid the more appealing size and tangibility of the large pieces of known and reputed value. The case of costumes would alone be worth days of study; from the finely cut white kid dress, looking like dainty lace, worn by Essex when beheaded, down to the costume of the Infante, one might study history with text-book in hand and picture illustration of intrinsic worth.

"This entire dwelling represents the study, the reflection, and the acquired knowledge of a lifetime. Undoubtedly M. Goupil threw out, as his opportunities increased, the nullities of first selections. Living daily in his museum, seeing every moment, as all artists must see, the needs and necessities of their home picture, he replaced little by little the vacancies, he corrected the errors, and toned down the coloring. There is only one echo here when you mention this studio which I have simply attempted to suggest. 'Ah! cela!' and then profound silence asserts the undebatable logic of perfection. Moreover, the habitation has one great quality, that with all its value, the constantly growing richness of its collected works of art, it looks like a home, it is restful—as if the loving, tender touch of the master required just such surroundings to bring out that inner vital spirit of unostentatious culture which educates and tempers the horizon of daily life beyond the toil and bread-earning necessity of the usual existence."

JEWISH ARTISTS AND CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS.

DISRAELI said that the best bargains in crucifixes were to be made with Jewish art dealers, and a well-known painting by Vibert—recently shown at the Union League Club—represents one of these dealers offering for sale to a scoffing knot of gorgeously robed ecclesiastics what presumably is a finely carved ivory effigy of Jesus. From being mere traders in crucifixes, as a matter of business, it is interesting, as a sign of the liberal tendencies of the times, to note that Jews—who now, for the first time in their history, appear as painters and sculptors—show a decided liking for New Testament subjects introducing the gracious figure of the founder of Christianity. This, probably, is not because they are any nearer conversion to a creed which, for centuries, has been to them only a synonym for ruthless cruelty and persecution, but because now, in the clear light of the nineteenth century, they can calmly and reverently regard Him as the noble Israelite whom all the civilized people on the earth but themselves, have hitherto been proud to honor.

We have said, that now, for the first time in the history of the race, it has representatives in painting and sculpture. In regard to the latter, perhaps, this assertion is not wholly accurate. That the emancipated Hebrews from Egypt had some knowledge of sculpture appears evident from the passage in Exodus about the golden apsis, which represents Aaron to have "formed (the

gold) with a graver's tool, and made it a molten calf," and the Hebrew word "char-rawt" signifies "to engrave." In fact, all the arts and trades practised in Egypt were in the hands of the slaves, inasmuch as the upper classes considered every occupation, save that of a soldier, beneath their dignity. But, with the exception of the apsis and the brazen serpent, no mention is made in the Hebrew Bible of any artistic work—excepting embroidery, in which they excelled—performed by the Israelites. The carving for Solomon's temple appears to have been done by the Phœnicians, subjects of Hiram. In fact, the Hebrews were not allowed to have in their hands an iron tool when raising an altar, on account of their idolatrous propensities consequent to their long

typify the Divine Presence; they were symbols of Omnipotence and Omniscience—the divine attributes—and not representatives of actual beings. Besides which they were dual. A single figure might have suggested an idol; but *two*, especially, when representing something greater than themselves, could not do so.

The Mohammedans were subject to the same Mosaic law against making "any graven image or any likeness of anything, etc.," and they admitted the same rigorous construction as to its application. The more modern reading of the commandment is that one shall not make the "image" or "likeness" to "bow down to it and worship it;" but orthodox Jew and Mohammedan alike disregarded the qualification contained in the succeeding clause just quoted. As the student of Oriental art is aware, the Moslem artisan has, for centuries, evaded the strict application of the law as set forth in the Koran; but it is only in this half of the present century, under the relaxing hold of rabbinical tradition on the conscience of the Jew, that the latent artistic instinct which hitherto found vent in the poetry of a Heine or the music of a Mendelssohn has asserted itself in the painting of an Israel and the sculpture of an Antokolski. The name of the one is widely known as that of "the Dutch Millet," and that of the second as the winner of the gold medal for sculpture at the International Exposition in Paris, in 1878. As with Mendelssohn, the Jew, might be grouped Halevy, Meyerbeer, Ernst, Joachim, Goldstick and Rubenstein, so with Israel's might be linked the names of Emile and Henri Levy, Jules Worms and Meyerheim, who, while not so famous as the great Hollander, hold creditable rank among modern painters. It would be easy to add a long list of French, German, English and American artists of the same race, if it were necessary to show that the disposition among the Jews of to-day to pursue the study of the graphic arts is not confined to a few familiar names. But our present purpose is, particularly, to call attention to Jewish artists who have chosen subjects from the New Testament for chisel or brush. First in rank of these is the Russian Antokolski, whose "Jesus Before the People," is a superb work. Both the Levys named are known for their paintings of scriptural subjects, Emile for decorative work in the church of the Trinity, in Paris, and Henri for his "Herodias," "The Crucifixion" and "Christ in the Tomb." In this country a Jewish painter of such subjects is Mr. Frank Moss, of Philadelphia, whose "Resurrection of Jairus' Daughter" and "Christ in the Temple," illustrated herewith by sketches by the artist, were shown in the Salons of 1880 and 1881, and were presented by Mr. Thouron, of Philadelphia, to the cathedral of that city, where they now hang in the west transept, one on each side of the large entrance doors. His "Jesus" is of a more refined type than that of Antokolski, of which a French critic has justly remarked that, with all its grand simplicity, "il y a un peu de moujik." But it was not left for a Jewish artist to depart from the traditional representation in



"CHRIST BEFORE THE PEOPLE." STATUE IN MARBLE BY ANTOKOLSKI.

residence in Egypt (see Exodus xx. 21, 22). The law of Moses forbade the making of "any graven image of anything in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." In view of this command, one is tempted to ask, how are we to account for the seraphim and the cherubim used in the decoration of the tabernacle. The answer given is that the seraphim were an order of celestial beings beheld only in prophetic vision or dream, and nowhere else mentioned in the Bible; and that the cherubim were so purely symbolical that even the heathens could not mistake them for idolatrous images. Josephus remarks (Antiquities iii. vi. 5.) that they resembled no animals that were ever seen by man, and that no man in his day knew their form. The cherubim apparently were intended to

which, perhaps, there is something more than a suggestion of the beauty of the Sun god of the Greeks. The finely chiselled Hellenic features, the blonde hair and the delicate physique, with which certain of the old masters have long taught us to associate the conception of Jesus, are seldom reproduced by the painter of to-day. Munkacsy, Doré and Holman Hunt have all substituted a refined Hebraic type. The earliest portraits known of the founder of Christianity represent Him as "the man of sorrows," deformed, and dark, and uncomely of visage. While, happily, the tendency of the painters of to-day is not to revive this unattractive Byzantine ideal, it is certainly in the direction of the realistic as opposed to the more poetically beautiful creation, which was never justified by history.

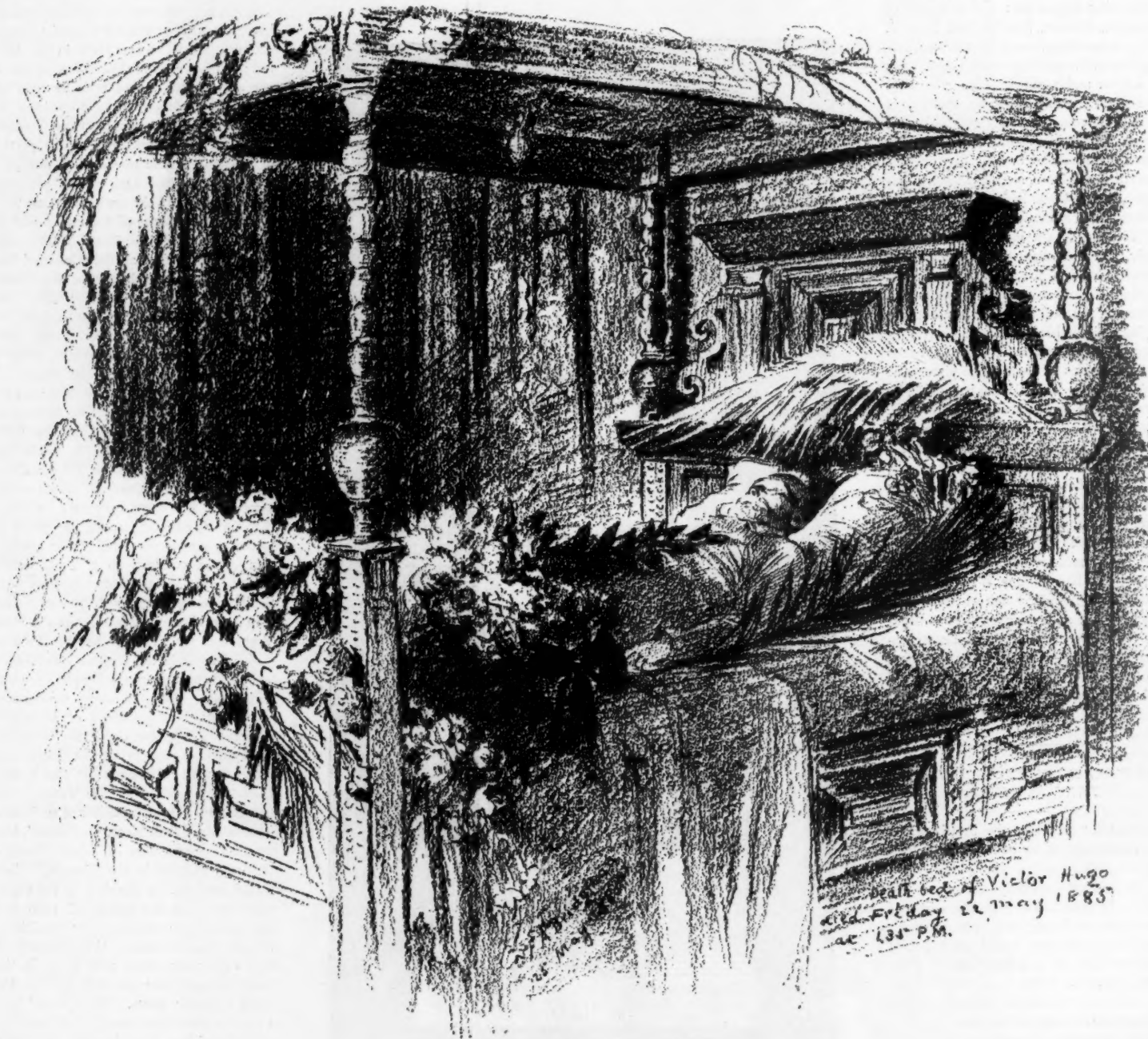
VICTOR HUGO AS AN ARTIST.

THE death of the greatest of Frenchmen has given renewed interest to every anecdote and detail concerning his glorious life and his many-sided genius. With the poet, the orator, the novelist, the humanitarian, we are not concerned here; but as a draughtsman and water-colorist he well deserves to be spoken of in a journal devoted to the graphic arts.

Victor Hugo had really surprising artistic faculties. In his notice of the Salon of 1859, Charles Baudelaire remarks: "I have not found among the landscape painters the supernatural beauty of the landscapes of Dela-

Victor Hugo never learned to draw except in the very imperfect mechanical way in which we all learn at school. The first line he ever drew from nature was when he was already a man. He was travelling in a diligence in the neighborhood of Melun, and during a change of horses he entered an old church, was struck by the beauty of the apse, and tried to sketch it, using the crown of his hat as a drawing board. "This was the first time," Victor Hugo used to say, "that I understood how useful the copying of nature might be to me in my literary work, and since then I have always loved to note the originalities of local architecture when that architecture is natural, and not touched up by restorers. Climate is written

hand to change to his own taste the scenery of the upper room in "Lucrèce Borgia." Later on we find the manager of the Porte Saint-Martin signing a formal agreement "to follow the indications furnished by M. Victor Hugo for the scenery of the fourth part of 'Marie d'Angleterre' and for all the other details of the mise en scène." In "Le Rhin, Lettres à un ami" (1838) Victor Hugo speaks continually of the drawings which he is making of staircases, spires and street scenes at Heidelberg, and the manuscripts themselves of these letters are covered with drawings and sketches of singular precision, as may be seen from the fac-similes published in "L'Artiste" in 1840 and 1841. Some few years ago Léo-



VICTOR HUGO AFTER DEATH.

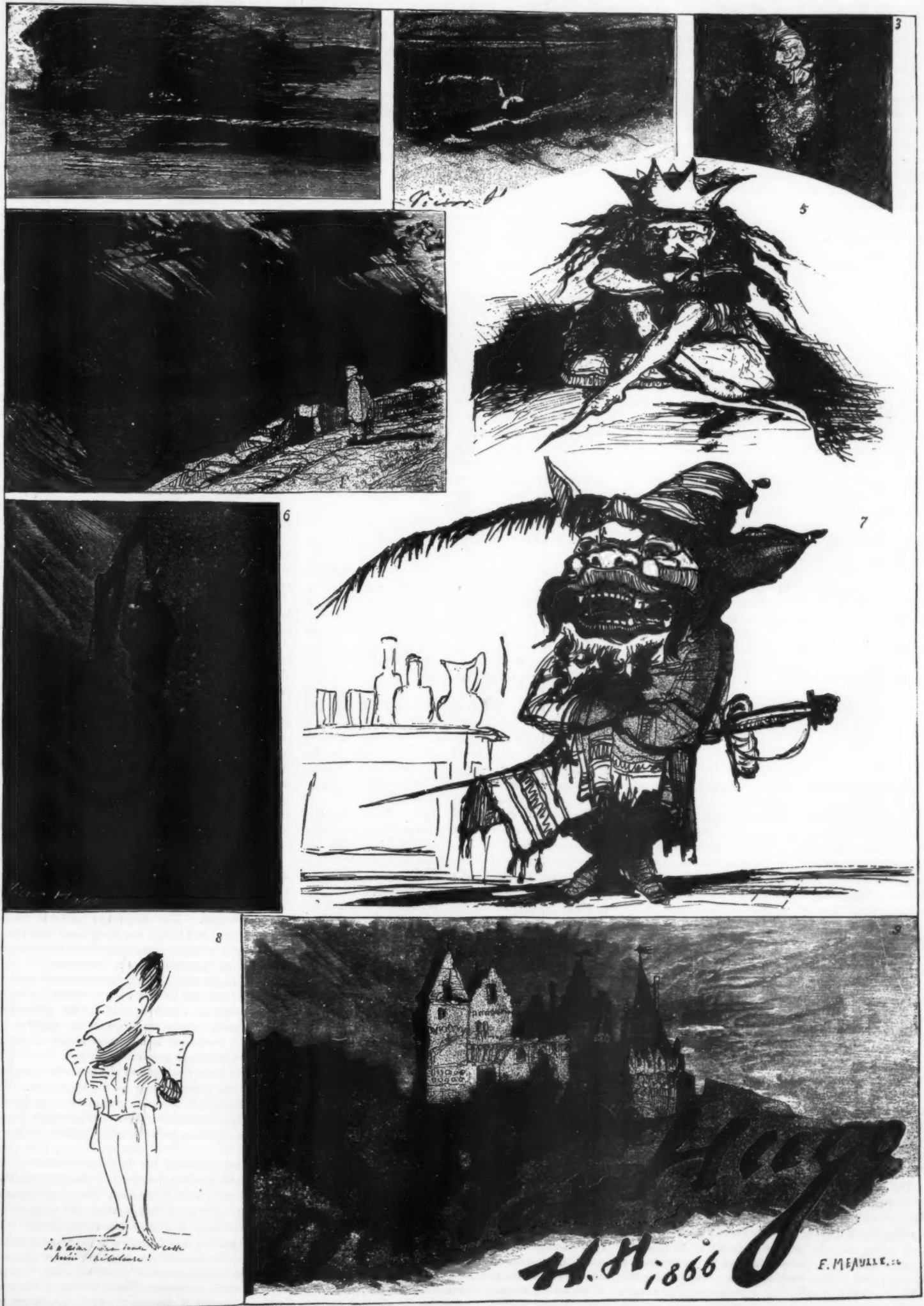
SKETCHED IN THE DEATH-CHAMBER BY FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN, AND COURTEOUSLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE ART AMATEUR.

croix, nor the magnificent imagination which flows through the drawings of Victor Hugo. I speak of his drawings in India ink, for it is too evident that in words our poet is the king of landscape painters." During his exile at Guernsey in particular Victor Hugo used to amuse himself by drawing. His instruments were the first that came to hand—a quill pen, a rolled paper, a match, a feather. With these improvised brushes he drew the château of Ruy Gomez, with its crumbling towers, its ruined pinnacles, its sombre and gaping archways, or some mediaeval street, with its pointed gables and swinging signs, or else some vast expanse of tumultuous sea on which a ship is tossed and tumbled, "fractured invicta," the emblem of the poet's own destiny. The drawing is that of a poet, the whole value being due to the strength of the draughtsman's poetic imagination.

in architecture: a pointed roof means rain; a flat roof sun; a roof laden with stones signifies wind."

Victor Hugo only made use of this faculty of drawing, which he thus discovered, at capricious intervals, and as a distraction rather than as a serious occupation; but one feels, on examining the results which he obtained without having had any training or teaching, that he might have become a master of capital importance. Many of his drawings, which are in the possession of Paul Meurice, of Auguste Vacquerie and other friends, surprise us by the logic and sureness of the method as well as by the grace and force of the conception. The master's first drawings were caricatures. Then he passed on to making sketches for the scenery of his dramas. In the interesting semi-autobiography, "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie," we see him taking the paint pot and brush in

pold Flameng engraved on wood for "L'Année terrible" two melancholy views of the ruins of the village and castle of Falkenstein sketched by Victor Hugo during a visit to Luxembourg. Other drawings of Hugo have been lithographed, engraved or reproduced in facsimile in "Sept Dessins de Gens de Lettres," Paris, 1874; in "Dessins de Victor Hugo avec notice de Th. Gautier," Paris, 1863; and in "Dessins de Victor Hugo pour Les Travailleurs de la Mer, gravés par M. Méaulle," Paris, 1880. Others have been reproduced in "L'Artiste" at various times, others in "L'Art" in 1875, and others in M. Barbou's book, "Victor Hugo et son temps." Auguste Vacquerie possesses a large collection of Victor Hugo's earlier drawings, marines and landscapes of grand style and full of real artistic merit. Some of these drawings were given to him by the master; others were bartered



SOME DRAWINGS BY VICTOR HUGO.

1, 2, 3. SKETCHES. 4. JEANNIE (IN "LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES"). 5. "LE ROI S'AMUSE." 6. JOHN BROWN, "PRO CHRISTO, SECUT CHRISTUS." 7. GOULATROMBA, "UN HOMME FORT DOUX ET DE VIE ÉLÉGANTE!" 8. "UN CLASSIQUE." 9. MEDIEVAL CHÂTEAU ON THE RHINE.

against mediæval coffer and cupboard, for which Victor Hugo had a great liking; others were won at draughts and backgammon; others were bought at the sale of Hugo's house in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne in 1852.

The drawings made by Victor Hugo during his exile are less exclusively picturesque than those above referred to, and more human in sentiment; such is the remarkable picture of John Brown, the first proofs of which, engraved by Paul Chenay with the legend "Pro Christo, sicut Christus," were seized by the imperial police. It was during his residence at Guernsey that Victor Hugo made the wonderfully eloquent illustrations for his "Travailleurs de la Mer." After the war he spent less time in drawing, but what he did produce was richer in color and more complicated in composition than most of his former work. Such are three drawings which have been engraved for the popular edition of "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" and three drawings for the popular edition of "Notre-Dame de Paris."

In the above notes I have indicated briefly to collectors some of the places where they can study Victor Hugo's drawing and painting, but I make no pretence to completeness. Some day or other one of Hugo's admirers will doubtless prepare a catalogue of the master's drawings, and then the public will be astounded to find how much he produced; and if the catalogue is accompanied by fac-similes of his finest compositions the astonishment at his fertility will be combined with admiration of his powerful imagination, his striking effects, and his curious and very personal processes. Théophile Gautier boldly reckoned Hugo among the masters of the Romantic school of painting. "M. Hugo," he wrote, "is not only a poet but a painter, and a painter whom Louis Boulanger, Camille Roqueplan and Paul Huet would not disown as their brother. When he is travelling he sketches everything that strikes him. The contour of a hill, the lace-work outline of the horizon, a strange cloud-form, a curious detail in a door or window, a ruined tower, an antique belfry—these are his notes; then in the evening, at the inn, he retraces his outline with a pen, shades it, colors it, strengthens it, and gives an effect; and so the rough sketch, often drawn on the crown of his hat in a shaky diligence, becomes a drawing very like an etching, and of a capriciousness and savor which surprise artists themselves."

T. C.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

IV.—LANDSCAPE.

IN the popular mind it is the triumph of photography that it so perfectly reproduces detail. To the professional photographer that photograph is the most praiseworthy that presents the greatest number of objects with sharpness and distinctness. But this is not the way we see with the human eye. The exclamation of Corêt, so frequently quoted, "I see nothing, everything is there!" is but an exaggerated expression of the true nature of human vision. The eye, in fact, seizes a single thing. Everything else is merely indicated, and experience supplies the imperfectness of sight.

It is on this side that art lies. Art expresses some salient fact, and other things fall into relations of more or less moment, but all subsidiary. The compromises that photography will make toward this end in the hands of an artist, or any one of artistic feeling, are much greater than was formerly supposed. At the outset one abandons the attitude of the professional photographer. It is not detail we are searching for, but a whole, a single impression. This demands sacrifices, which one must be willing to make. Not everything in a landscape belongs in a picture, but with a little selection, with knowledge of what constitutes a picture, or feeling for picturesqueness without knowledge, and a comprehension of the limitations of the camera, nature can be made to yield abundant material for artistic landscape photography.

The first thing necessary is to select the view. As in a composition, there must be a salient spot on which the eye unconsciously rests, and to which everything leads, through the arrangement of the lines or of the masses of light and shade. Let us take a cottage at the base of a hillside, with a young wood behind it. The slope is treeless, and a path from the house runs up the hill. This is a view that, according to its position, the camera may reproduce in several ways. But the results will not be equally fruitful. The cottage, it is evident, is the main object. It is in the foreground, and its lines must claim attention. We take the camera out and adjust its tripod

so that the lens will be on a level with the eye, to avoid unnecessary stooping. Two things will now be found necessary: First, the ability to judge the effect of an inverted image on the ground glass, and, secondly, the faculty of translating color into black and white. Masses of foliage, for example, of different tints in nature, are liable to come out dead black masses, when a different effect of light might bring out half tones and other pleasing gradations.

To get the real value of our cottage, it must be taken in perspective, otherwise we have flat surfaces and miss the necessary shadows. Although the cottage is the chief object in the view, it would be too obviously intrusive in the centre of the picture. Adjust the camera until it is either in the right or left of the foreground. It is, we will say, to the left. Here it must not be too low. Allow enough ground about it at least for its foundations; otherwise it will lack an air of stability. We have it then in perspective, with its front diagonally disposed from the left-hand corner of the view, the path carrying the line up the hillside toward the right-hand corner and meeting the horizon line, which is one-third from the top. The left-hand upper corner is filled with the wood, which also makes a background for the house in perspective. Here we have an agreeable arrangement of lines. Now we must consider the light and shade, for on such contrasts picturesqueness greatly depends. If the sun is facing us clearly we get no shadows at all. If the light comes from the right hand it is equally clear that we get no shadows, for the hill slope is bare. If the light comes from the left we get shadows from the wood and from the house. If the light comes from the left, and a little behind the camera, the shadows are more vivid and more picturesque.

It appears, therefore, that after having selected the view we should wait until the proper time of day for making the exposure. This we do. On looking through the camera we see we have a picture, so to speak, bisected diagonally. One half has objects in shadow. On the other half lie the shadows. If the hillside seems too barren, and some sheep or a group of cows wander there, they should be welcomed graciously; otherwise some object may be secured to break up the space. A friend or a wayfaring man can throw himself on the turf. A hay rake, or other garden implements, can be placed on the proper spot.

The composition is now arranged, and the hour has arrived. We make these early trials with the open lens. The foreground is the object of our attention, and the cottage the objective point of that. In focusing, let the eye hold the cottage. Adjust the lens with reference to that alone. When the aspect of the cottage meets approval, let everything else take care of itself.

In making the exposure, give plenty of time. The amateur in his first efforts is likely to under-expose rather than over-expose. But it is much easier to correct an over-exposed plate than one under-exposed, so let the error be on the right side. A rule often urged in landscape photography is, "Expose for the shadows, let the lights take care of themselves." Detail in shadow is one of the charms of a picture, so let the shadows have sufficient time to gather up their detail.

Those elements of the picture which the exposure has not secured may be often supplied by judicious development. If the picture is too light, if the shadows want strength, use a strong developer, that is to say, add pyro, which we have seen is the element that gives density. If, on the contrary, the picture is largely in shadow, or the shadows are very strong, dilute the normal developer with water, and allow plenty of time to the development, and the detail of the shadows will come out to your satisfaction without the high lights losing in quality.

We have taken an example in which the conspicuous feature is in the foreground. It is now, we will say, in the middle distance. Let us conceive of a glimpse through a wood. Trees, in comparative shadow in the foreground, part and disclose a bit of sunlit landscape in the middle distance, the wood closing again only to allow glimpses of landscape and sky behind. The trees and shadows in the foreground here form, as it were, a frame to the picture beyond. Place the camera so that this opening shall take a slightly diagonal line; also watch the intervening tree boughs to see that they do not cut the picture disagreeably. Focus for the lighted spot in the middle distance, which must have its base below the centre of the plate. Although the object of the picture lies in this lighted space, in exposing remember the shadowed foreground, and consider the network of interlacing boughs, which are to do so much not only in

affording forms against the light farther on, but by giving many gradations of tones to the picture (and consequently color), which the development must be regulated to bring out.

Suppose we have, for a third trial, a view in which the remote distance is the leading feature. It is, perhaps, a winding stream that we see far away, shining in broad sunlight. Above it is the sky filled with summer clouds. While these catch the eye, neither mid distance nor remote distance will be sufficient for the picture. Still take thought of the foreground. Let it have plenty of detail, judiciously arranged with a view to picturesque effect. In such a view as we are considering, the conspicuous lighting is in the distance. In this case let the horizon line be low, a little below the middle of the plate. (Never let it cut the picture in halves.) Be careful of the foreground. Do not let a light object stand conspicuously against a dark one. This is bad at any time, but here any bright spot would take the eye away from the light in the distance, which is broad and diffused.

In marines the lighting, instead of coming from the right or left lower corner of the picture, is even better if it comes from the opposite direction. This is especially true when boats are to be photographed. In that case we have the value of the reflections and the boats as illuminated objects showing us their shadows.

Coast scenes are almost always full of interest, and are easily managed. An old boat appeals to every one's sense of the picturesque. If it is the conspicuous object, place the camera so as to get not only its perspective, but its shadows. Consider it with reference to other lines. The rules for composition which guide the artist are equally appropriate here. Rules in art are but sorry dependencies; but if a picture seems wanting, they serve to account for the lack. Thus, horizontal lines must be avoided. Lines in one direction must be balanced by opposing lines. If the general lines of the picture form a wedge or a pyramid they will present an agreeable artistic arrangement.

Avoid the phenomenal in landscape as in art. A rustic bridge, an old mill, a few sheep nibbling, are better material for artistic landscape than the buttes of Idaho or the strange formations of Colorado. The value of reflections has been intimated, but the abuse of reflections almost every one will remember in Yosemite views, current some years ago, in which the steep wall of a cañon was reflected in the river beneath. The line of the base of the rock and the river bisected the photograph, and one was quite apt in consequence to set the picture upside down. This is curious, but it is not art. In some Albertypes taken for the national government of a lake in the Yellowstone country, the landscape and its reflections in the lake meet in the centre of the picture, making the lines of an hour-glass, and result in a disagreeable view of what might otherwise have been a charming scene.

Thus far we have spoken of landscape seen through an open lens. It will have been observed that with the camera comes a thin flat piece of brass, with apertures, which may be slipped in front of the lens, and is called the diaphragm. The diaphragm gives a narrower angle of view, and brings the foreground and distance into greater harmony than is possible by the wide angle, which gives importance to the foreground at the expense of the distance. In using the diaphragm begin with the largest aperture, for now we are treading on the heels of more delicate experiments in artistic photography. This harmony, or what we may call the single impression of the landscape, is still more closely attained by what is called stopping down the camera. For this purpose there come small pieces of brass, which can be inserted in the same manner as the diaphragm. These cut off the corners, as it were, and in the image the detail at the edges loses its sharpness of focus, which brings it into better relations with the more prominent features of the view.

Thus far everything has been subordinated to some salient point at which the camera is directed, and that is always focused into prominence. But the photograph is capable of giving also that mystery and suggestiveness which is so fascinating in modern landscape art. This is done by making the exposure with the camera a little out of focus. The lines are not sharp, but appear softened as if bathed in the atmosphere, an effect which the painter strives eagerly to secure. This is the way in which most artists interested in photography make the camera serve their purposes. To secure the proper result, patient experiment is necessary, but no amount of labor and effort in this direction will be wasted.

M. G. H.

DECORATION & FURNITURE

A NEWPORT NURSEKY.

THE waywardness of architecture at Newport, in which the unexpected always arrives, prepared me for the unseen portal through which my hostess led me from our walk over the well-kept grounds, and from the wonderful landscape bouquet of hydrangeas, white, pink and blue, the pride of the avenue.

It was a little door—a man would surely have had to remove his hat to pass through it—stowed in an angle behind a circular bay and underneath a jutting cornice, which supported some eccentricity of the second story. It was likewise a curious door. A network of slender iron links screened a panel made of clear glass bull's eyes. Above—for the door had Gothic proclivities—the space took the form of a four-leaved clover, each leaf being filled in with cracked jewels of blue, green, gold and red, which sparkled and danced as reflections on the floor within. A miniature vestibule, lined with sea-green tiles, led into a large room. The vault of the vestibule, overlaid with gold, was ornamented with flower-like scrolls in color, and from the centre hung a corona of opalescent jewels and brass. "The Newport climate, and our long stay here, as we value our peace and comfort, make the nursery the most important department of our menage. I am a New England woman, hence I have views. Being a mother, I have views concerning the development of my young children, mentally, morally and physically. As I am a woman of society, I can only give a certain amount of time to my children. The outcome of all this preamble is that I depend on the nursery to carry on my theories when I am not present, and I have organized it to that end to the best of my ability."

This nursery, vested with such a responsible mission, was a large five-sided room, with an annex in a commodious bath-room, panelled with cream enamelled tiles and above a frieze of rushes and other aquatic plants. The apartment was a curious mixture of elegance and cheapness. It soon became apparent that what was enduring was fine, and what was perishable was cheap.

"The framework of this room, you will observe, has come to stay," said my young hostess. "Everything else is transitory and at the mercy of the bairns. The dado is one of those Mother Goose papers, and serves as a perpetual story-book for the babies. The wooden border I have had project, for one reason, because the toddlers can make the tour of the room by its help and also because it serves as a shelf for the little workmen whose labors you see on the walls."

"These are papered simply with the rough brown paper, which is agreeable in tone, and answers for a background, as you see." As a background only, that was evident. The walls were a picture gallery, in which nothing was disdained. Here were Christmas greetings—large gayly colored pictures from The London Graphic—cuts out of the illustrated papers, grave, gay, lively, severe—anything, everything that struck the childish fancy. Not the least interesting were the original designs, and a box of paints on the wooden shelf below disclosed that a young artist had been recently at work. It had been an earnest but futile endeavor to represent three cats sitting on the ridge pole of a house, and the title underneath, in crooked print, indicated that the work was to be a fine satire on "A Thomas Concert."

"Now, you will see how insidious, so to speak, is my system of education. Personally, I never had any perseverance, and I have felt, more than I am going to tell you,

what an imperfect creature I am in consequence. I don't want my children to indulge my vice, neither do I believe that nagging sweetens their dispositions. Now, as Bob has undertaken his work of art on the wall-paper, every time he enters the room he will see that it is unfinished. His conscience is still young and tender, and some fine day, to get back his peace of mind, although he

Bob undertook that of baby. There were sittings prolonged, until baby rebelled, and Bob grew cross. The work was then abandoned, and a most ghastly attempt at the human countenance stared from the wall. Bob was unhappy. I would see him sit still for some seconds, and glare at baby. He was, in fact, taking notes. One day we were surprised to find the portrait done. The

only points of resemblance, you see, are that refractory lock, which will tumble over his forehead, and his right ear, that stands out straight in spite of all we can do. But the great point was gained—the portrait was finished.

"On the blackboard in the corner you see Tot's portrait of Bob. You have seen it before. It must be, I think, the rudimentary man, for it persists in every child's consciousness. I drew him that way at Tot's age, and so doubtless did you. We couldn't do without the blackboard in the nursery. There is always some scrawl on it of the little ones. But I like the older ones to use paint and the wall. Why? Because they can't undo their work, and it teaches them to be careful to think before they act."

"As you see, the walls are pretty well covered. Before we go back to town, the children will have to hunt for space. You perceive now the advantage of these cheap stuffs. Before we come back next spring the Mother Goose dado will be scraped off and something new take its place, and the walls will have another covering of brown paper ready for fresh endeavors."

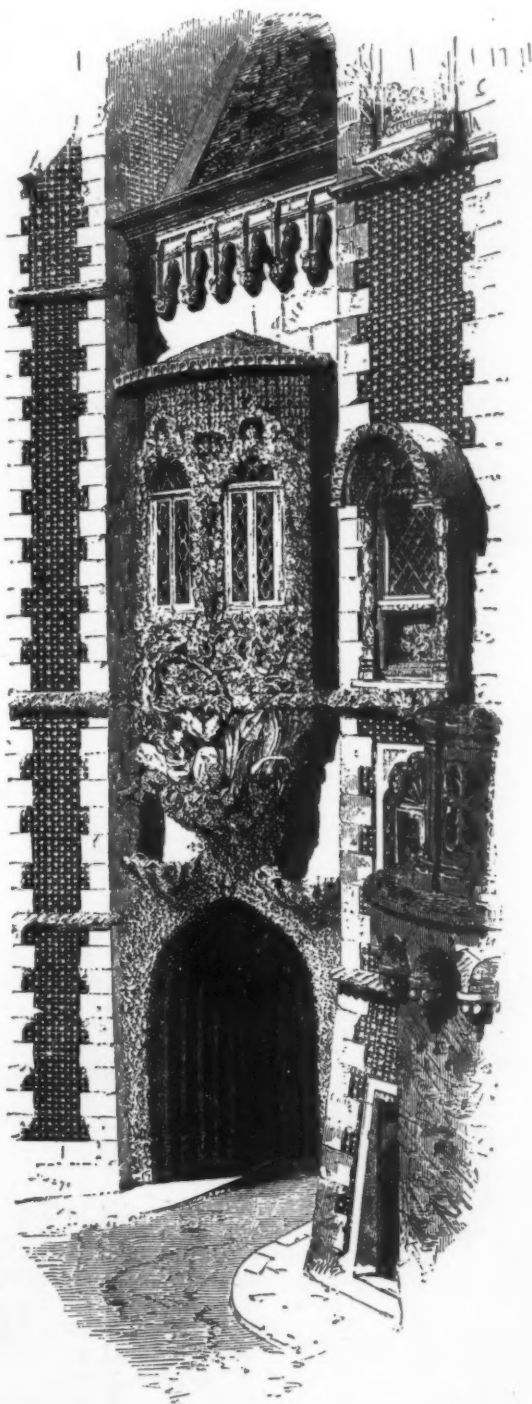
"The frieze, you see, is permanent, and the result of the most serious consideration. The designs are taken from old English poetry, history and legend. There are Robin Hood and his Men, St. George and the Dragon, the Children in the Tower, King Alfred baking cakes, Fair Rosamond—the same old stories we have all heard over and over again in our childhood. They are divided, as you see, by ornamental designs. These also have been carefully selected. The grotesquerie of mediæval ornament and the fancies of the Renaissance prevail."

"I have a friend who believes that only beautiful forms should be put before children. But I never found anything that stimulated my imagination like grotesque ornament. The delights of a transformation scene are no greater than to follow an efflorescence until it changes into the body of a dragon, or to discover a wonderful flower having a griffin's hind legs. It cultivates one's sense of humor, too, and that I hold to be very important."

"But to return to the stories of the frieze; one of my hobbies is that children shouldn't be told too much. Not one of those stories has ever been told the children. They make up their own stories. But the books which give the more authentic versions are always about, and when by chance they are read, and two and two are put together, imagine their delight. Esther and Bob will never forget several such experiences."

"But here, Tottie, come tell the lady about the little boy on the horse." Tottie was a blue-eyed little maid who had just come in. Bringing an oblong looking-glass, Tottie sat down in her willow rocking-chair, holding the glass so it reflected St. George and the Dragon of the frieze, and began:

"Once there was a little boy, and his Uncle Jack gave him a beautiful pony named Julia Mary Palmer. One day he went to take his Aunt Virginia Middleton a— a—" glancing around inquiringly—"a pair of slippers. An' he rode, an' he rode, an' he rode until he came to a great big rooom roo that laid in the middle of the road. Then the rooom roo said in a funny kind of voice, like baby

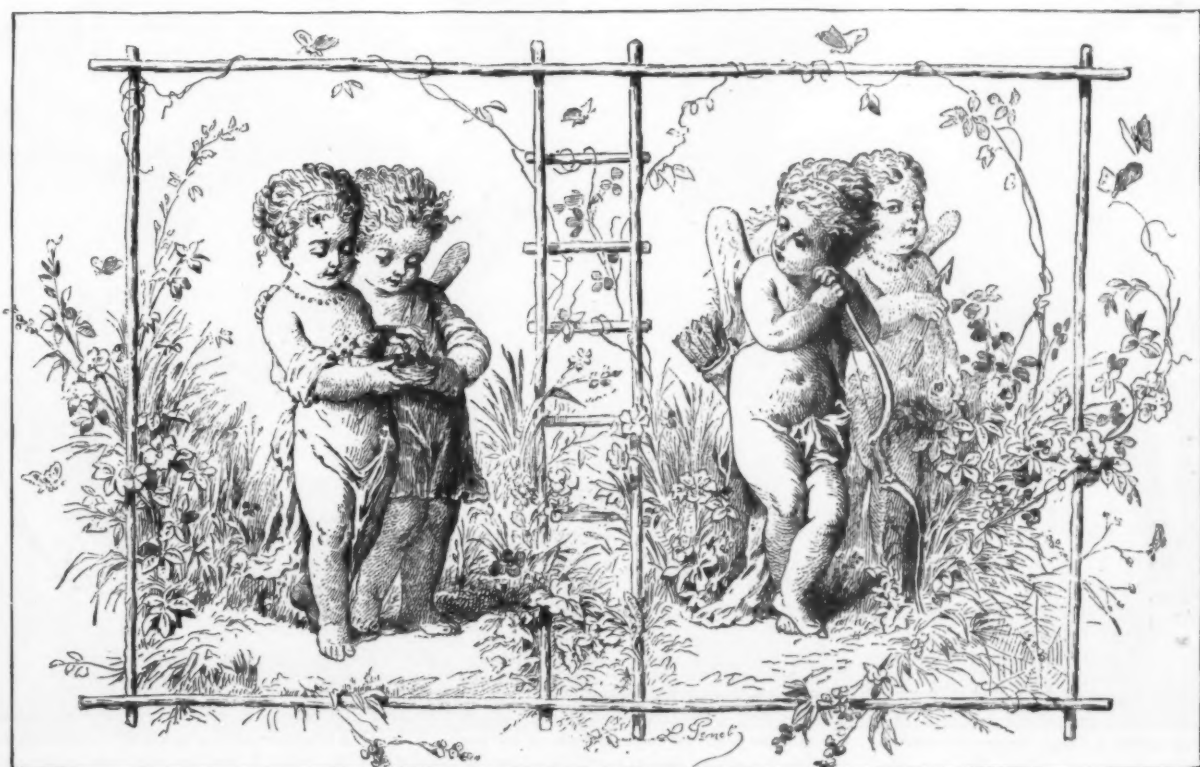


ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU DE LA PENNA (PORTUGAL).

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

has never spoken of it, he will get up on a chair and finish it as well as he can, and then whistle like a blackbird all the rest of the day, which, we will hope, will be far spent. I study my children, and I have seen Bob discipline himself before. Do you see that remarkable work by the window? You may not recognize it, but it is the portrait of baby. I was having my portrait painted, so





when she has the croup, 'Little boy, give me the slippers for gloves to wear to Sunday-school?' An' the little boy he said, 'I can't, good rooom roo; they're for Aunt Virginia Middeltem, who's got cold feet.' Then the rooom roo got mad, and would have knocked the little boy off his pony, but Julia Mary Palmer took her paw and punched his eyes out, and the rooom roo fell over killed dead. An' that's all. Mamma, mayn't I go with Bob to the stable?"

"It is needless to say," said the young mother, "Tot-tie has told this story before, and it is always the same,

pest is then soon over. To be sure, Bob once struck his fist at the glass when he was shown himself in a rage. But then, in breaking the glass he cut his fist, and the lesson was not lost. Oh, I assure you the looking-glass is one of the most important agencies in a perfect civilization.

"Have you looked at the ceiling? Do you recognize it? It is taken from the Celestial map, such as we all used to study. There are all the familiar constellations—Orion, the Great Bear, Cassiopeia. The tinting, you observe, helps the children to define them. They study

It was indeed a very clever piece of work. The ground-
ing was deep blue, and the constellations lighter in tint, each slightly varying, the outlines being traced lightly in black, while the stars were of course gilt. To the casual observer the ceiling had only a cloudy blue effect, with gold stars and a sense of the tracery, all of which resulted in a certain tone in keeping with the rest of the room.

"The tiles around the fire-place, as you have noticed, are old Dutch Scripture tiles, not their imitation. I bought those in Holland myself. They are exactly like those I remember as a child leaning against my mother's knee,



DECORATIVE FIGURES. BY ANNIBALE CARRACCI.

IN THE GALLERY OF THE FARNESE PALACE, ROME. (SEE PAGE 58.)

except the gift to Aunt Virginia, which is usually something that for the moment has caught her eye. The looking-glass, you understand, brings the picture down to the comprehension of the infant mind. We imported that idea from Rome. But the looking-glass in the way of discipline is all my own idea. When one of the babies gets in a tantrum she is led up to the glass in the door of the cabinet there and shown her distorted visage. She gets so interested she forgets to cry. Many a time I have seen them run up to the glass themselves, in the midst of a passion, to see how their faces look. Of course the tem-

them by the hour with the mirror. The older children have learned something of mythology incidentally, and can find the principal stars at night in the sky.

"The Jersey cow Beauty had twin calves the other day. Bob and Esther wanted them called Castor and Pollux, but in deference to their sex we persuaded the children to accept Cassy and Polly.

"But I had to work to get it. At first the men said it would be impossible to do such a ceiling and keep it in harmony with the rest of the room. But when woman wills, you know."

while she told me their stories. And I assure you I have no sweeter moments than those in the fall when we have a bright wood fire in the fire-place and, with my children about me, I strive to recall the same words that I heard from my mother's lips so long ago. I have the greatest faith in early associations as a safeguard in later years, and for that reason I wish all the associations between my children and myself to be lovely, and such that they will delight to recall. And for similar reasons," she laughed gaily, "I never hear their lessons or take any apparent part in their prescribed studies. There is too much



FLOWERS.

FROM A PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE. BY J. VAN HUYSUM.

(SEE PAGE 58.)

necessary friction there, and I am painfully conscious that both I and my children have a great deal of human nature to the square inch. I know that these are heterodox views. I have a friend, a woman of wealth and position, who regards it a thing beautiful and becoming in a mother to hear the infant lessons. I have witnessed that performance. It was neither beautiful nor becoming. At the end of an hour both mother and child were ready to scratch one another's eyes out. No, thank you, not while I can find competent teachers.

"Do you see this niche lined with tiles in the mantel-piece? That is Esther's kitchen. Here is her stove. I assure you it bakes; and there are her pots and pans. To cook is a natural and laudable desire on the part of a girl, and this is much better than musing in the kitchen to the distraction of the cook. Sometimes we come in, and she bakes us griddle cakes, and very deftly, I assure you.

"The floor, you see, is handsomely inlaid around the border. Certainly I prefer rugs to any carpet on the score of health and cleanliness, but I have also another reason. They are always available in the making of play-houses. Sometimes I come in here and find the children living in tents on the desert. The other day they were cast away in the Arctic regions, and, although it was one of those hot muggy rainy days, they were wrapped in those fur rugs. Give children the points of the compass, and they will discover unknown lands.

"I don't discard more æsthetic training. You see those large photographs of holy families by Perugino, and the young Raphael, and those singing children from the reliefs of Luca della Robbia in the Bargello at Florence? Those always hang here. The Japanese panels I change from time to time. I never have any doubt in giving them anything Japanese. To me those flowers, in freshness and vitality, are only surpassed by Nature.

"You haven't spoken of my windows, but I am sure you can't have been oblivious to all this flood of vari-colored light. The upper panels are Japanese designs in stained glass. Of course you can't make them out—not immediately, at least. Ah, my friend, that is the secret of their charm. The color, you admit, is delightful. Well, if you studied them long enough, you would discern in one a landscape. There is a little cot, a grove, a river in the distance and very red fusi-yama. In another is a branch of cherry blossoms and some thriving birds. In the third is a tree with some pheasants beneath and a bush of peonies. The fourth is a face in a crescent moon looking down on a moonlight-landscape. You have no idea what a joy that window is to the children. For the lower sash are screens of single-paned glass, red, blue, green, purple, amber. Many a time, coming in from the lawn, have I seen the little faces pressed up close to the window, making strange new worlds out of the old one through the colored glass. That is a childish experience you doubtless remember, as I do.

"The great secret of pleasure in life—I suppose I ought to say is in doing one's duty, but I don't mean to say it—the great secret of happiness in life lies in what we give to external things, not in what they give to us.

'My mind to me a kingdom is'

My heartiest wish for my children is that they may realize in themselves the poet's thought."

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

THE decorative rage has reached the Italian quarter. The misanthrope in Chatham Square who manufactures band organs is now turning them out with painted panels and Japanese panels of perforated wood.

THE trade in Japonaiserie does not seem to languish, notwithstanding the hard times. One local house recently sold to a single customer, a lady well known in New York society, over \$60,000 worth in one bill. The forty pieces of Japanese tapestry ordered for one room in the mansion of another customer cost him \$20,000. A sale of which one of the traders in bric-à-brac lately boasted was that of a little blue jar, which his agent had picked up for fifty cents, and which he sold, after carrying it in his pocket for a few days to exhibit as an example of beautiful color, for \$4.50.

THE two figures illustrated on page 56 form part of the decoration of the Farnese Palace in Rome. In that important work, for which he was meanly requited, Annibale Carracci was at first assisted by his brother Agostino, better known as an engraver than as a painter.

Many of his paintings are in England, eight of the best being in the National Gallery. While his work is marked by uncommon vigor and evident striving for truth, it is often marred by mannerisms. From this fault the examples we have selected for illustration are, happily, free. Annibale, however, greatly excelled in artistic ability his brother Agostino and his cousin Lodovico, founder of the leading Eclectic School of Italy. He was born in 1560 and died in 1609.

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWER-PAINTING.

WHILE we would not, without reserve, commend them for imitation, it is easy to admire the faithful, painstaking qualities of the famous Dutch flower-painter, Van Huysum, an example of whose work is illustrated on page 57. It was the fashion of his day to represent every petal of every flower in a bouquet, to show every dew-drop on the petal, and every insect which might be drinking from the dew-drop; and, as if this were not enough, a bird's nest or so, having nothing to do with the bouquet, might, at discretion, be added to the already crowded composition. Even the pedestal holding the vase could not be let alone, but it was necessary to introduce a snail crawling up its side. This, in our day, would be considered bad art. We are all more or less influenced by the teachings of the impressionists, and those who are the least so, would, perhaps, insist that, as we do not look at nature through a magnifying glass, it is hardly the province of the painter to show us trifling matters of detail which would escape ordinary observation. But with all this minutiae, trivial as it may be, is not such a picture as this by Van Huysum infinitely preferable to the scamped work of the average "clever" American flower-painter of to-day, whose roses look as if they had been cut out of carrots and turnips, and whose dauby "breadth of handling" is merely a convenient mask to conceal his technical shortcomings? There is no shirking in the work of this honest Dutchman; every flower and every leaf and every insect—the flower of animal life—has been thoroughly studied, and given its proper form and characteristic, and if the original picture could be seen, it would be found, in all particulars, true in regard to color. Who shall say but that before long we shall go back to the style of the Dutch masters in our flower-pictures, reviving at least the practice of their good qualities? In figure-painting Meissonier is held by many in the very highest esteem as an artist, although he does no better with his miniature work than did many of the Dutch and Flemish artists centuries before him. Why should there not be a Meissonier in flower-painting? He may yet arise and set anew the fashion of conscientious study in that most charming department of still life.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

TRICKS AND MISTAKES OF DEALERS.

THE way of the collector is hard, especially if he allows his passion to become a serious one without acquiring, at the same time, an adequate amount of knowledge of the subject of his hobby. If his taste be for old porcelain, he is apt to pay a high price because of the grayness of the paste left exposed at the bottom of a vase, only to find, when he gets home, that it is due to a mixture of India ink and ignoble modern dust. If he cares for old works in metal, he must beware of the art of the electrotypist, of which some wonderful examples, that might deceive even experts, are now on view at the Metropolitan Museum. If he likes jap-trap, Birmingham and Sixth Avenue, Houston Street and Berlin, are ready to supply him, to say nothing of the potteries of Williamsburg and Perth Amboy and Cincinnati. If he loves antique wrought iron he can be furnished with any amount of it, brand-new, from Amsterdam, Venice or Paterson, N. J. In Vienna they make a specialty of reproducing old carvings in rock crystal; Florence reproduces seventeenth century arms and armor; the great English potteries copy the *pâte tendre* of Sévres, the decorated ware of Bernard Palissy, and attempt, but with very little success, to imitate the metallic reflections of old Moorish and Italian faïences. Berlin and Copenhagen produce classic vases and amphoræ; Rotterdam the old East India Company porcelains; and the trade of making ante-Gothic silverware is reported upon excellent authority to flourish surprisingly all through the kingdom of Hanover.

It should be understood that there is comparatively little counterfeiting actually done with the intent to deceive; but there is an immense deal of repairing, refurbishing, imitating and copying, and most of the articles thus mended, patched together or made after the antique find their way into the trade, and often pass from hand to hand a good deal among the dealers before they reach a permanent home. Under these circumstances, the dealers themselves are often taken in, especially as it is their interest at times to be so. The large class of intermediaries (especially numerous in New York and Boston) who buy on commission are in general very well acquainted with the clever workmen of the French quarter and the repairers of Sixth Avenue. It must not be supposed that these latter gentlemen confine themselves to the sort of work that one sees in their windows and show-cases—ten-penny chimney ornaments or broken Delft platters stuck together with a little plaster of Paris or cement. They are capable, some of them at least, of much finer work. Bring to one of them something of value that you have accidentally damaged. The first question that he will ask is whether you wish the repair to show, or the contrary. You can have almost anything made or mended in New York and so that it will be difficult to tell it from a genuine and perfectly preserved article of its kind. Lacquer ware—when it is not necessary to imitate the better sort of decorations—gold and silverware, and jewelry of any sort; bronzes—the ring and specific gravity of metal of any composition can be reproduced as well as the patina; embroideries; bindings of books—all these things can be "fixed up" and made over to look as good as the old. We have some excellent ivory carvers, who sell their copies, as such, for sixty to one hundred dollars a little statuette. But their work may easily be cracked and stained after it leaves their hands. We have plenty of good cabinet-makers perfectly able to make what appear to be two old pieces of furniture out of the remains of one. A great deal of this work is done for dealers and agents, who give it to their customers without guarantee as to age or condition. Most buyers are perfectly contented to have something that looks old, or that is in part old—they do not care how much. They themselves often have old pieces fixed up, either for use or because they think they look better. After a time they die or fail, or grow tired of their collection, and it goes back to the dealers. It is hard to hold these responsible for what they have had no share in doing. They may see that a thing has been repaired or that it is a copy, and they may not; but once it is theirs, it is to their interest not to perceive its faults. Everybody knows how that acts. The dealer is often more thoroughly deceived than the buyer.

There are only two lines of action open to a sensible man who would make a collection of objects of art. If he cares simply to surround himself with things that are artistic, he may confine himself to modern work, the authenticity of which can, in general, be easily established. If he has a leaning toward the work of some past period, he had better narrow his field as much as possible, and study it thoroughly. The best aid he can get will be from conscientious and well-informed dealers; but these do not know everything; and if a man will go in for making several collections at once, he is bound to find it a laborious and expensive form of amusement. Still, that is what most people are sure to do in the beginning. Hence, it may be well to offer a few suggestions in addition to what *The Art Amateur* printed on this subject last year. As all the arts of counterfeiting and falsifying are practised in their perfection in France, the following remarks are mostly drawn from French writers upon this curious and interesting subject.

As to imported goods, it is well to be sceptical in the matter of legends and family histories; not only that, but to resolutely shut your ears to them if you mean to buy, for often the clever salesman will remember an entertaining story about some object of the same sort as that which you have in view, and contrive that you, not he, shall associate it with the latter. A salesman who is not clever enough for that is generally less scrupulous, and, to an ignorant buyer, is more dangerous. Men of this sort have been known, in their employers' absence, to bronze over old iron-work in the hope that it might pass for antique gilding, to have old blue and white porcelain re-decorated with gold lines at a China painter's, to sell Indian work for Chinese, soapstone for jade and Derbyshire spar for alabaster.

Beware of Sévres, *pâte tendre*; there is extremely little of it in existence, and more is sold now than ever before. A piece that was rejected by the old decorators, one of

the older counterfeits of Tournay or the modern reproductions of Minton may be worked over, touched up and made to look very like the real thing by workmen who make a study of this particular matter.

As to old keys and locksmiths' work, the best modern workers take pride in deceiving one another.

As for bronzes, not only are antique bronzes of all epochs counterfeited in Paris and at Leghorn with great success, but modern French bronzes are pirated here to such an extent as to make the prospect of our ever doing much original work of the sort very poor. Good French bronzes are imported and cut into sections, from which moulds are made. The new castings are, of course, much inferior to the model, but "good enough for our public." The pieces of the original are put together again with a little solder. It is refinished and sold as perfect. The copies are sold as imported. A good way to find out if the green patina on a supposed antique bronze be what it pretends to be is to rub it well with a slice of lemon. If it is artificial, it will immediately disappear.

According to a story told by M. Eudel, a copy in bronze of the bas-relief of Saint John by Donatello, of which I know the present location, was made with fraudulent intent. Its present owner, however, well understands it to be a copy. But perhaps it is not the only one, and other examples of it may be thought to be genuine. The possible proprietors of other copies will do well to remember that the original is in pietra serena (not in bronze at all), and is to be found in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

Old gilt bronzes of the monarchy or of the First Empire may ordinarily be distinguished by the gilding having become more orange in tone and, as it were, varnished by time when not worn by handling. But this effect is imitated with licorice juice, and the only safe way is to examine the unburnished parts of the flesh with a magnifying glass. If the grain is regular, it has been produced by the roulette, which is an instrument of modern invention. Even such examination will not always save the collector from paying too dear for his whistle. If he has a penchant for "historical" pieces which he believes to have come from the palace of Versailles or from Trianon he should see to it that his candelabrum, or whatever it may be, is

in one piece, or at least of one make; for old things of no value, though authentic, are constantly being sold by the state, and the "truqueurs" saw off the portions bearing the official mark and adjust to them portions of another work of the kind and of the period, but artistic. Thus, from a good candelabrum of the period of Louis XVI.,

which had never been in the royal service, and from a portion of a kitchen candlestick which had, a composite article is made up, extremely tempting to the amateur.

Beware of old statuettes in painted wood if you do not know how modern wood-carvers block out their work.



IVORY POWDER-BOX OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A lot of worm-eaten fragments, morticed and glued together and roughly hewn into the shape of a human figure by a fourth-rate German carver of furniture, may be so fixed up with stucco and paint and gilding and a few rags of silk and lace and tinsel, as to pass for a Spanish or Italian statuette of an interesting period. Without tak-

ing any such trouble a new-comer in the camp of the bric-à-brac hunters may be deceived, not only in the matter of wooden statuettes but also in ivories, and works in wrought iron and steel, by the new process of working in pâte durère or hardened paste, a material of which many specimens are now to be seen with our leading dealers

in novelties. The results of the first experiments made with it were palmed off on French amateurs. Now, the manufacturers find that an honest business at reasonable prices pays best.

Nothing is easier than to put an old date on a new violin, and it is said that to imitate perfectly the tone of a Stradivarius is quite within the capacities of two or three living makers, one of whom is no farther away than Greenpoint. But the counterfeits in the market do not come from the hands of modern artists. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the only instruments that were much sought after were those of Jacob Stainer and Nicholas Amati. It was common even in that age of innocence to paste a counterfeit of Stainer's written signature on any decent violin covered with brown varnish, and that of the printed card of Amati on any covered with a yellow varnish. It was only towards the end of the last century that the violins of Stradivarius became known in France. Viotti, the Remenyi of his day, brought them into notice in Paris. Stradivarius the first, Antonius, was a pupil of Amati, and his first works were introduced under the cover of the fame of his master. Hence, there are, doubtless, some works of Stradivarius which are now believed to have been produced by the earlier master. It was only toward 1830 that the works of Guarnerius, of the two Bergonzis and the sons and other members of the family of Antonius Stradivarius came into vogue. Immediately after they became objects for collectors; and then the counterfeiters began their rascalities. Every peculiarity of the volutes, of the ff, of the corners, the dovetails, the transparency and color of the varnish, the golden yellow of the Maggini, the fine red brown of the Bergonzi, the pâte fine and elastic of the Jesus (by which title the works of Joseph Guarnerius, 1683-1746 with an IHS following the date, are known) and the shining red of the Stradivarius, all were imitated with an extraordinary exactitude. To complete the deception, the tickets were taken off real specimens and pasted on the false. Toward 1873, date of the death of Vuillaume, the worst of these imitators, the confusion became extreme. The rogue was in the habit of breaking up the best old violins that fell into his hands in order to make two out of each one. Paganini himself was a victim of his trickery. Vuillaume was such a doubled-dyed villain that he could not abide the thought that in ages to come his clever work might be honestly taken for genuine, so he has generally engraved or written his name on the instrument in microscopic characters.

R. R.



FRENCH IVORY CARVING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. IN THE LOUVRE.

ing any such trouble a new-comer in the camp of the bric-à-brac hunters may be deceived, not only in the matter of wooden statuettes but also in ivories, and works in wrought iron and steel, by the new process of working in pâte durère or hardened paste, a material of which many specimens are now to be seen with our leading dealers

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CERAMICS

HOW TO DETECT SPURIOUS "SÈVRES."

IN an excellent handbook on French pottery, recently prepared for the South Kensington Museum Committee of the Council on Education by Paul Gaspault and Edward Garnier, valuable hints are given for the detection of imitations of Sèvres porcelain, and in particular of soft porcelain. The quantity of spurious "Old Sèvres" sold in Paris, and of *pâte tendre* yearly exported, chiefly to America and England, is not to be believed. The knowledge of the names and marks of the principal painters of old Sèvres may, in many instances, assist in detecting false pieces; for it often happens that the forgers have indiscriminately copied the marks of Sèvres, and placed the signature of a gilder on pieces painted in colors, or the monogram of a painter of flowers on pieces decorated with figures, and vice versa. Besides the difference in the marks we have noted, several other signs may assist us in distinguishing the genuine Sèvres porcelain. Among the various imitations of "Old Sèvres," a whole class difficult to distinguish consists of pieces of genuine white porcelain manufactured at Sèvres, and decorated afterward and even recently. In his enthusiasm for kaolinic or hard porcelain, Brongniart had wholly discontinued the manufacture of soft paste, and in 1804 he caused to be sold by the van-load, and at ridiculously low prices, all that remained of undecorated soft porcelain in the warehouses of the old manufactory of Louis XV. This porcelain was purchased by "chambrelans" of Paris, and even by dealers of London, where French porcelain was much esteemed, and has been from that time, and is still, the staple article of the higher branch of the spurious porcelain trade. It requires a very exercised eye to distinguish it when well decorated, as was the case during the first years of the "Restauration;" for at that time a certain number of painters who formerly belonged to the manufactory were still living (some of whom had been superannuated, while others had deserted the manufactory); these, being practically acquainted with the old processes of decoration, lent their skilful assistance to the dealers without considering the consequences. Porcelain thus decorated has for a long time been considered, even by the most competent judges, as authentic Sèvres porcelain; as, for instance, a breakfast service presented in 1816 to Louis XVIII. as having be-

longed to Louis XV. This service, ornamented with the portraits of Louis XIV. and the celebrated ladies of his court, was given by the king (when its spuriousness had been proved to him) to the Ceramic Museum of Sèvres, where it now is.

However perfectly the decoration may have been executed on porcelain of this kind, there are yet other signs by which it may be distinguished. The first, which is almost infallible, but requires a practised eye and a good knowledge of soft porcelain, is the use of chrome green in the painting of bouquets and landscapes. Discovered only in 1802, oxide of chromium was, on account of its being difficult of fusion and of the richness of its color, soon substituted for oxide of copper, hitherto exclusively employed for making green colors; and chrome green, originally used only at Sèvres, rapidly became a commer-

Again, soft porcelain which has not been decorated at Sèvres may easily enough be distinguished by a striking peculiarity in the gilding. The gold thickly laid on has always, on old porcelain—the true kind—a dull appearance; it was simply sprinkled on when the piece came out of the muffle-kiln (as is even now the practice), and was then polished into designs or modelled with a common nail firmly set in a wooden handle. In the early part of this century agate burnishers were substituted, which made the work easier, but changed the character of the old gilding, and made a great difference in the lines thus burnished. In old Sèvres porcelain the lines are firm, clean-edged, well-defined, and in some cases slightly hollow; for when the nail was used the polish was produced chiefly by pressure, while in imitation or modern porcelain the lines are wider, less pure, and above all less

"graven," as it were, because with the agate burnishers the polish is more easily obtained, and simply by gentle friction.


The following hints for detecting fraud in the hard porcelain products of the Sèvres factory, reproduced from the same source as the foregoing, are not less valuable:

The present mark consists of a circular stamp, with a double line bearing in the centre an R and an F interlaced, with the words "doré" or "décoré à Sèvres," and the date; in 1871 and 1872 the old stamp, bearing the monogram of the French Republic, was used. Since the year 1810 all these marks have been printed on entirely finished pieces, and consequently baked in the muffle-kiln; it was therefore easy to imitate them, and the forgers who, for the last thirty years especially, have dealt in Sèvres porcelain were not slow in taking advantage of this. In order to prevent fraud a supplementary mark has, since 1848, been printed on the "biscuit;" it is a chrome-



MONOCHROME PLATE DECORATION. BY A. REGNIER.

cial commodity of general use. The painters who subsequently decorated the porcelain sold by Brongniart evidently lost sight of this fact, and made use of the only green pigments which were then to be found, not thinking that by so doing they themselves supplied the means of detecting fraud. Chrome green is warmer in tone and more yellow than copper green, and has not, like the latter, when thickly laid on, that metallic appearance so characteristic and so conspicuous in some kinds of soft porcelain, in the faience of Strasburg and Marseilles, and in particular in the Chinese porcelain known to amateurs under the name of "famille verte." The difference of color in the two kinds of porcelain is sufficiently discernible to be perceived by a practised eye, and is particularly evident when two pieces, the one genuine and the other spurious, are placed side by side and compared with one another.

green mark capable of standing the heat of the kiln, and which, being under the glaze, cannot possibly be imitated. If the piece, on coming out of the kiln, is found to have any defect, the following indelible mark is notched by the lathe, which cuts into the enamel:  If, on the contrary, the piece is faultless, it is placed in the white porcelain storehouse, where it often remains for many years before being decorated and completely finished; it is then marked with the printed stamp. It is therefore not uncommon to see porcelain bearing, for instance, the green mark of 1856, and the supplementary mark, "décoré à Sèvres, R F, 1874."

In the year 1878 the Improvement Committee thought it expedient to suppress the green mark as likely to favor fraud, or rather imposition; but it was soon found that this suppression, far from preventing, rather facili-

* The name of "chambrelans" was given to the porcelain painters who worked in their own dwellings, "en chambre," and decorated, or employed a sometimes numerous staff to decorate, the porcelain manufactured in Paris or Limoges for the large Parisian retail establishments.

tated fraud, and the green mark was resumed in 1879. The green stamp, when notched, indicates in the most positive manner that the porcelain on which it appears has not been decorated at Sèvres, all the supplementary marks notwithstanding; and, therefore, all pieces so marked must be rejected as *spurious*, in spite of the assertions of a few unscrupulous dealers who, imposing upon the credulity of their too confident customers, pretend that the marks have been purposely cut into by themselves at the manufactory in order to identify the particular pieces they had selected.

It is difficult to imagine how various are the resources at the service of the men who deal in pseudo-curiosities, and the numerous devices they resort to in order to gain their ends; fillets, gilding, monograms, even the grounds, are transformed or disappear according to the necessities of the *truquage* (make-up) as it is called. We give two examples of it in order better to warn our readers against the snares every day laid for them. We have seen in London, in one of the best-frequented shops, a hard porcelain plate, the centre of which was decorated with a pastoral subject painted over a gilt monogram, which had been removed by means of chemicals, but the outline of which was still apparent under the painting when held slantingly to the light; the two marks of Sèvres were perfect, and the dealer could with impunity assert that the piece was *real Sèvres porcelain*. Yet a thorough knowledge of the marks would in this case and in the absence of further proofs disclose the fraud; for all *painted* pieces—i.e., decorated with subject-figures, flowers, or landscapes—invariably bear the words "décoré à Sèvres;" while the gilt pieces, however elaborate and rich their ornamentation, monograms, coats-of-arms, and the like, are marked "doré à Sèvres," as was the plate to which we refer.

Another piece we saw in Paris was ornamented with the monogram of King Louis Philippe surrounded with flowers, as it was painted on the table service of daily use, which was sold after the Revolution of 1848, and the pieces of which were, and are now, eagerly purchased, not on account of their artistic merit, but because of the value set upon them by faithful Royalists. That piece was marked under the glaze with the green stamp S, 74 (Sèvres, 1874). In this case the fraud was very clumsy, yet the dealer found a purchaser who paid for the porcelain a comparatively exorbitant price.

OLD CHINESE PORCELAINS.

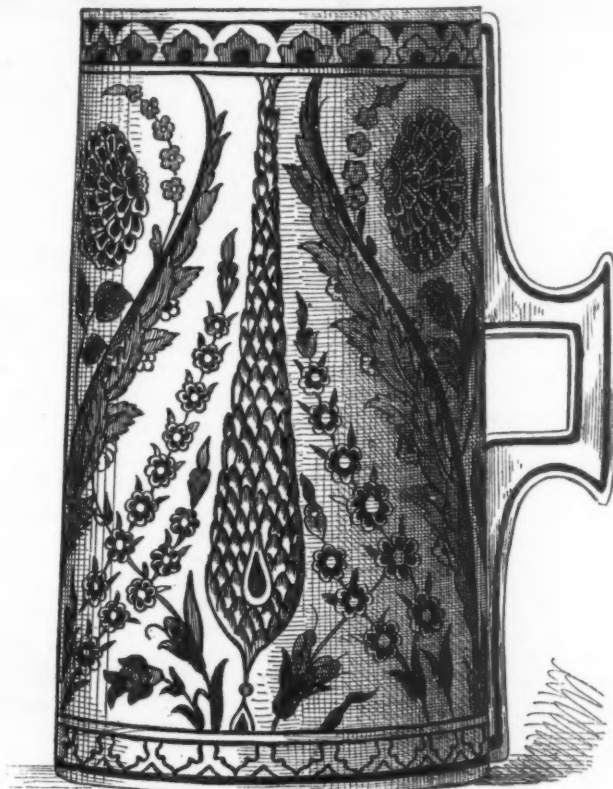
THE very oldest Chinese porcelain is a pure white, without any color whatever, sometimes with figures raised in relief. The earliest color laid on was the blue, and the oldest and finest was the rich deep blue, so much admired, but now so badly imitated even by the Chinese themselves. The next in point of antiquity is the black porcelain, of which many specimens, especially when ornamented with gilding, are considered more beautiful than the more antique manufacture. The crackled or marbled china ware is of more recent date, and so is that called the "egg and spinach"—both of which may be easily counterfeited. These latter have no otherwise distinguishing points; but connoisseurs, on taking up the white and blue, always know where to look for the dolphin or dragon marks. Roger Riordan, in Harper's Magazine, says: "Although it is known that such and such colors and modes of decoration were not in use before certain dates it would be to little purpose to speculate on the exact age of any particular specimen of Chinese porcelain. It is safe to assert of any good piece that it is older than the present century. It may be held as certain that a rose-colored vase, or one into the decoration of which that color enters, cannot have been made longer ago than 1690, while a piece decorated with blue and white may be of the time of the emperor King-te, who reigned for three years, from A.D. 1004 to 1007. If a jar should be painted with personages wearing the pig-tail, it is not more than two hundred and

fifty years old, that appendage having been introduced by the Tartar conquerors; but if the personages represented wear long robes, both men and women, and if the males wear square black head-gear, then it may be of very high

made under such or such an emperor or dynasty, though the inscription may state as much, but as being of such a style. Still, taken in this way, a collection may be made a fairly complete and very interesting index to the history of the art and of the peculiar civilization of the Chinese."

Of the color on old Chinese porcelains, the same writer remarks that it "is as gentle as it is powerful, as rich in each example as it is varied in a collection. Of red there may be the gorgeous sang de bœuf, ranging from deep Tyrian purple to bright crimson; the splendid coral reds, sometimes, as a last stroke of good fortune in the firing, showing the gold in their coloring matter reduced to the metallic state, or gleaming in the light with all the tints of the rainbow; the rust red of iron, one of the most ancient colors; a vermillion produced from iron; and most valuable of all, though modern, the beautiful tints of rose, due to the chloride of gold. Some French writers make these last into a 'family' by themselves, as they also make those pieces that are covered wholly or in part with green, whether it be olive, or 'apple green,' or the green of the upper surface of the camellia leaf. Many of these are found on very old pieces, and are iridescent in a high degree. The various celadons tinged with brown or gray form another variety. Even in black and white there are splendid tones, hard to match—mirror black, ivory white, blanc de Chine, dull black in imitation of some European wares, but far superior to them. . . . The very names given at hazard by European collectors would seem to indicate a belief that these queer people had strictly associated with all their notions of color the pleasures of the palate. A bottle of sang de bœuf is really colored like the rich juice from a round of beef; a specimen of 'mirror black,' especially if it show around the edge a partially glazed rim of creamy brown, brings to mind Sir Arthur Guinness's

celebrated stout. There are soft white glazes like 'congealed fat;' and we dare say a specimen may yet be found, an antique vase, fine, rich, and distinguished, a gem among the precious vases of rare jade, as say the inscriptions, which in its crackling brown and oily glaze shall reproduce the appetizing exterior of that first roast pig so lusciously described by Charles Lamb. It is mere fact that there are glazes imitating the color of a mule's lung and that of a horse's liver, which are unmistakably articles of Chinese diet; and there are, to turn to comparisons less gross, tea-color glazes, and rice-color, and plum and peach-color, and the apple green before mentioned, and mustard yellow, and that white that De Goncourt compares to a species of blanc-mange, and of which he praises the unctuous feel. Apart from color, the character of the material is such that the Chinese themselves, when referring to it, speak of the glaze as the 'flesh' of the piece, and the paste as its 'bone.' But even yet the list of colors is not exhausted, for there are the violets, old and new, blues of cobalt, turquoise, ultramarine, lavender, clair de lune, and 'blue of the sky after rain.' There are factitious jade and imitations of jasper, chalcidony, and colored marble, and pieces streaked or seamed with different colors, or clouded with several shades of the one, flambé or soufflé. There are, besides, the several kinds of crackle, each of which has an influence on any color in connection with which it may be found, and there is the imitation crackle on blue jars of the 'hawthorn' pattern, which, with perhaps more reason, is also said to be an imitation of a mass of fish eggs or of frog spawn." If Mr. Riordan will turn to Dr. Dresser's "Japan" (page 278) he will find a woodcut which, we think, suggests a far more reasonable explanation of the origin of the hawthorn pattern. The late frost nips the plum blossoms, and causes them to fall on the thin and cracked ice, producing just such an effect as we see in the porcelain.



PERSIAN POTTERY DECORATION.



PERSIAN POTTERY DECORATION.

BLUE, RED AND YELLOW ON A CREAM-WHITE GROUND.

Chinese collectors have been in the habit of paying as much for a good copy as for an authenticated original. A European or American collector must therefore be content to do as they do, and class a piece, not as having been

FOR cleaning porcelain fuller's earth is valuable; but it must be beaten into a fine powder and carefully cleaned from all hard or rough particles, which might endanger the polish of the brilliant surface.

ART NEEDLEWORK

THE ART OF EMBROIDERY.

IX.

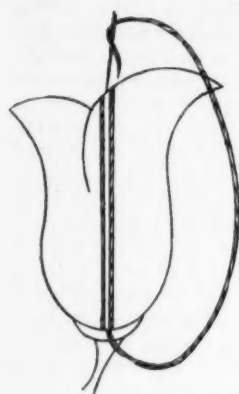


FIG. 28. LAID EMBROIDERY.
LAYING THE THREADS ALTERNATELY.

containing the worsted, silk or cotton which is being used to produce the decoration is passed through the material on which the decoration is to appear. Whether it is cushion embroidery; or that large class in which the length and direction of the stitches is determined by counting the threads of the warp or woof of the ground; or feather stitch, of which the characteristic is the blending of the stitches into one another, each differing from the other in length, but forming together a whole in which no stitch is distinguishable; or satin stitch, which, in the hands of the Chinese and Japanese, is practically feather stitch; or knotted stitch—in one and all the silk or worsted (yarn, as it is technically called) passes through the ground, and produces the embroidery by the manner in which it is manipulated. We have now to consider the very large class of embroidery which depends on the yarn being laid on the surface of the grounding material, and never passing through it at all, except when it is necessary to begin or finish a needleful, and in some cases at the ends of the rows. This is known as "couched" or laid embroidery. It came into use, as far as we know, when gold and silver thread was first used in embroidery, and was adopted so as to avoid the slightest wasting of the precious material.

The simplest form of laid work is what is technically known as a couched line. A thick strand of worsted or silk is laid on the material, and one end is firmly secured by passing it through the ground or by several close stitches. A needle is threaded with silk or worsted, as the case may be, of ordinary thickness, and while one hand is used on the top of the frame to guide the thick outline the needle is pushed up from below and the thread passed over the couching line and inserted on the other side, so as to hold it firmly to the ground. These fastening stitches, coming from below, are repeated at regular intervals, and it is necessary to have them very evenly spaced and exactly at right angles with the line they cross, or the work will look untidy. This is the whole secret of couched embroidery, although it spreads into an immense number of varieties, and includes all the beautiful

gold stitches used in church work, as well as the extremely decorative silk embroidery for which Italy, Sicily and Spain have been famous.

Couched lines are used chiefly in outline work and for edging the design in appliqué. As an outline (Fig. 29) it is generally bolder and somewhat rougher than a worked outline, and for some purposes is more effective with less expenditure of labor. For large pieces of decoration, such as wall hangings or curtains for a hall or large building, it is very suitable, but not for furniture coverings where much wear is required.

Japanese and Chinese gold can be used in this manner only, owing to the peculiarity of the manufacture, which prevents their being drawn through the material. This Oriental gold thread is made of very thin strips of gold paper twisted round thread or silk. As a general rule, the Chinese, which is a redder tint of gold, is twisted round red silk, and the Japanese round white or yellow cotton. The gold is pure, being absolutely without alloy. It therefore never tarnishes, and for that reason is extremely valuable as giving us a satisfactory gold at a very much lower price than any other gold thread could be produced for. Its disadvantage is the liability of the thread to become untwisted in use and to show the white edges of the paper on which it is laid.

In using Japanese or Chinese thread for couching it is necessary generally to push the end at the beginning and the close of the work through the ground material with a small stiletto, so as not to disturb the twist of the paper. Having firmly secured the end by several stitches close to

when the intention is that the sewing down of the gold shall be invisible. Sometimes two threads of gold are

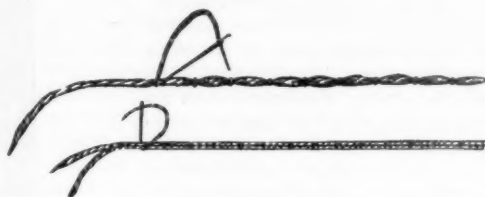


FIG. 29. COUCHED LINES.

SINGLE FOR OUTLINES, AND DOUBLE FOR GOLD WORK.

taken together (Fig. 29) and sewn down with the silk. In guiding this paper gold thread along the outline the



FIG. 30. LAID EMBROIDERY.

FIRST LAYER PLACED DIAGONALLY.

left hand should be used to give it a continual twist, or it is apt to become ragged and untwisted in turning corners. In executing this simple form of couching, either with gold or any other kind of thread, it is needful to be very careful with curves and angles, so as to keep the line perfectly even and correct; and where it is necessary to make a sudden turn the fastening stitches will need to be placed much more closely together. A little practice will soon make apparent, and overcome, the difficulties.

In some cases it is desirable to use silk of a different color for fastening, as a great deal of good decorative effect can be produced in this very simple manner. Couching outlines of narrow ribbon are sometimes found in old needlework, but the effect is always hard and unpleasing, and it is not to be recommended.

Laid embroidery, as it is now called, is formed by threads, generally of silk, placed evenly side by side in straight lines from one extremity of the outline to the other, and fastened down by threads which cross these at right angles and at regular distances, the cross lines being fastened down at intervals by stitches which pass through the ground material. There are therefore no less than three distinctive forms needed to complete this embroidery, as will be clearly understood by a reference to the illustration (Fig. 31).

Supposing that we have a conventionalized design which it is desired to work in this manner, the threads are first laid evenly side by side from end to end of the space to be filled in. Whether they should be taken in

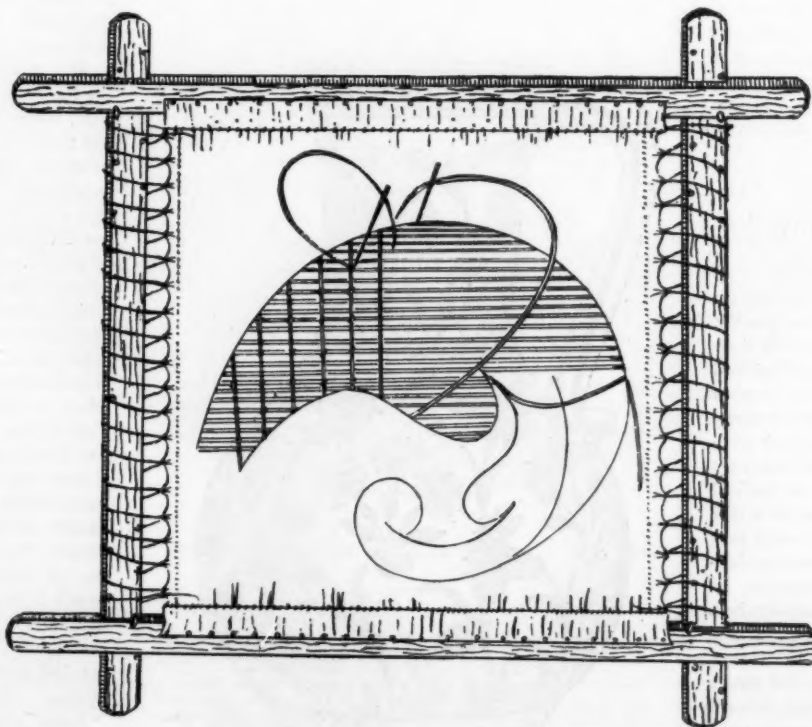


FIG. 31. LAID EMBROIDERY IN HAND FRAME.

together, the gold thread must be guided along the line to be covered with the left hand, while it is sewed down with very fine silk with the right hand, in the manner already described.

A peculiar kind of silk, made with a very fine, close twist, and dyed exactly to match the color of the gold, and technically known as Maltese silk, should be used

the direction of the warp or woof must depend upon the nature of the design. At the end of each row the needle is passed through to the back and is brought up again not quite close to the spot where it entered the ground, but at a sufficient distance to allow of an intermediate stitch. The thread is then carried back over the surface in a straight line, and the needle inserted at the opposite extremity of the outline. The next line will be laid between the first and second (Fig. 28), and the following one will again leave a space which will be filled up in due course by the return stitch. Thus the threads would be laid in the order of first, third, second, fourth, and so on, the even numbers going from right to left and the odd from left to right, or vice versa, as the case may be. This form of working gives greater steadiness than could be obtained if the threads were laid actually side by side.

It is not always desirable to lay the threads in a straight line from end to end of the portion of the design under consideration; excellent effects are sometimes produced by placing the lines diagonally (as shown in Fig. 30), and where this is the case, it is not necessary to alternate the threads. This is, however, a question of detail, which must be left to the intelligence of the worker, since no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down applicable to every case, and skilful embroiderers constantly vary in minor details as to their manner of working. The end to be obtained is to have this first layer of threads—called in French the "couche," whence our English corruption of the word—perfectly even and smooth. If either too loosely or too tightly laid the work will look bad when unframed.

Much of the old Italian couched work is beautifully colored, many hued silks blending together in this first "couche." When this is desired the lines must, of course, not be carried to the outline, but must stop at irregular lengths midway, or at whatever distance is judged best, so as to allow of a thread of another tone being continued from the end. When this is done it should be brought up through the former thread in the same manner as split stitch. The shading or toning of different hues in one petal, however, should be done as far as possible by the choice of the threads laid side by side, not breaking the line except where it cannot be avoided. In ordinary work the layer, or "couche," is all of a single color.

When it is quite complete, and presents an even, satin-like surface, the second layer begins. Threads of silk or of metal are laid at right angles to the first and secured in exactly the same way, by passing the needle through at each extremity of the outline. They should lie at a distance of from a quarter to half an inch, according to the size of the design, and must be very accurately placed. Unless the worker has an extremely correct eye for judging distance, it is necessary to have a small measure lying by and to see that each crossing line is not only correct as to distance, but is absolutely parallel with the preceding one throughout its length. Any inaccuracy will entirely destroy the beauty of the work.

The second layer of threads being complete, it remains to fasten them. This is done by means of small stitches brought up from the back, which cross the threads of the second layer diagonally. These must be taken at even distances, and as neatly as possible, or they will destroy the good effect of the work. As a general rule, the small fastening stitches should be as nearly invisible as possible, and are therefore chosen of the same color as the threads of the second layer; but this is a matter of detail, which may vary in the different cases. Sometimes the fastening stitches form part of the scheme of coloring, and may then be of some hue that shows distinctly. Again, as a general rule the crossing lines of the second layer are either of a wholly different color or at least shade from the lines of the first layer; but where it is desired to produce a very simple broad effect of perfectly flat decoration, the same colored silk is used in all three operations.

This form of couched embroidery has always been much used in Spain and her colonies, and in Italy, chiefly Sicily and Crete, especially for curtains and hangings of all kinds. It is not sufficiently durable for furniture coverings, as a rule, for the soft, untwisted silk, which is most effective, is apt to wear off and become ragged if exposed to much actual rubbing from use. There is nothing, however, to prevent its being used in ecclesiastical embroidery for altar frontals and antependiums of all kinds. It was much employed in mediæval times in church embroidery for backgrounds for figures, and even for the figures themselves.

L. HIGGIN.

New Publications.

INDIAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE many illustrated books, magazine articles and other publications about India, together with the stuffs and rugs and brass ware imported from that country, have given rise to certain popular notions concerning its arts, which, while perhaps not incorrect, are assuredly insufficient. The wood-cut illustrations of books of travels, or even of more serious works, such as Ferguson's book on Hindoo architecture, are more likely to create than to satisfy a desire to know something about the artistic efforts of a people so nearly allied to the principal European races and so interesting in themselves as are the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula. And the few scraps of cloth and bits of brass or carved ivory which, until lately, were all that we could ourselves see, in shops or museums, of the production of East Indian artists, were hardly more contenting. India may be said to be the fountain-head of all our pattern designing, and of that of the farther East as well. Her architecture offers more (and more important) problems to the modern investigator than that of any other country. The elegance of some of its forms, the barbarous clumsiness of others, the elaborateness and beauty of its ornamental detail, the variety and abundance of the material which it offers to the inquirer who has the good luck to be able to study it on the spot, make it, to him, an extremely attractive subject of investigation. It is surprising that so few of those who have had this opportunity have seen fit to enable others to join them, by the obvious means of making and publishing a good collection of photographs. This is what Mr. Lockwood de Forest, a New Yorker, who has long resided in India, and who has a practical acquaintance with the Hindoo art of the present day, as well as of the past, has just done. He has issued a volume of magnificent heliotype plates of well-chosen examples of Indian architectural detail, doorways, windows and house fronts, in carved wood and stone and beaten brass and painted tile work. These are on a sufficiently large scale to show at once clearly the pattern ornamentation, and the architectural disposition of it. We have, for instance, a house at Ahmedabad, with carved doorway and balconied window above and overhanging upper story, in which the distribution of plain and ornamented surfaces can be seen, as well as the character of the ornament. The figures of the owners, standing in the windows, serve to give one the scale of the reduction; and, so presented, the flowery borders that frame in the windows, and the fret-work of pillars and balconies, appear much more life-like than if we had them separately in stiff and inaccurate drawings. A domed window-balcony at Lahore, besides its carved and pierced woodwork, has a fresco of an Indian lover and his lass in a garden of flowering plants in vases. The doorway of a house at Moultan shows panelling and arabesque work, almost Italian in their suave proportions. A brass door at Amritza has a tympanum with carved figures of gods, which also recalls early Italian work, while the painted flower border around it is unmistakably Indian. In fact, every one of the twenty-five plates offers some unexpected beauty, and, altogether, they go farther to give a good idea of the peculiarities of Hindoo art and of its relations to other architectural styles than any set of illustrations which we have heretofore seen. It is only to be regretted that they are not accompanied by the explanatory text, which Mr. De Forest might so well and so easily have added.

WAUTERS'S HISTORY OF FLEMISH PAINTING.

HITHERTO we have had the history of Flemish painting open with the fifteenth century, and the biography of the brothers Van Eyck. Professor Wauters goes back as far as the thirteenth century to show that even then there were rude colossal frescoes of sacred subjects on the walls of the Hospital of the Byloque at Ghent, and of a somewhat later date is a far better fresco in an ancient chapel in the same town, representing the guild of cross-bowmen of St. George. It was characteristic of these and other early paintings in the Netherlands, both of pictures and frescoes, that they had no relationship with the Byzantine and symbolical art which was still extending its influence over the rest of civilized Europe, and of which the paintings in the old Romanesque cathedrals in Germany and the Madonnas of Cimabue in Italy, are the principal monuments. The work of the earliest known Flemish artists has an essentially Flemish character.

After the manner of Henri Taine, our author divides the history of Flemish painting into six great periods. The first period begins with these frescoes, covering the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the early part of the fifteenth century, when we hear of Jehan de Bruges, painter to King Charles V. of France, who executed miniatures which adorn a "Bible historée," now in the Westreelanum Museum of the Hague. That he is referred to by his contemporaries as "pictor," while if a mere miniaturist he would have been called "illuminator," satisfies our author that Jehan painted pictures; but not one of these paintings is in existence.

The second period—that of the Gothic school—extending over nearly the whole of the fifteenth century and somewhat beyond, was the immediate result of a great development in the prosperity, wealth, and intellect of the country, under the magnificent reign of Philip the Good. This monarch was the friend and patron of Jean Van Eyck, never to be forgotten as really the founder of painting as we understand that term to-day. Not only was he the first to use oil as a medium, but, as Fromentin tells us, "under his brush the art of painting reached its highest perfection." Professor Wauters, in his opening chapter, laughs at the idea that Flemish art began with the brothers Van Eyck, "springing up in Bruges ripe and virile from its birth, like Minerva issuing ready armed from the forehead of Jupiter;" but does he not practically admit as much when he says: "Jean Van Eyck created Flemish art. He made it real, deep, energetic, full of expression and splendor; he invented aerial landscape and perspective; he was the first to give an accurate and handsome form to man, animals, flowers, and all accessories. His design is firm, patient, and studied; his coloring rich, abundant, and severe; his composition masterly, and his modelling, simplicity, and firmness are inimitable." When we remember that in the train of this wonderful man were his brother Hubert, Van der Weyden, Van der Goes, Cristus, Bouts, Memling, Gheerardt David, Jérôme Bosch, and Quentin Metsys, one realizes how brilliant was this second period. With the sixteenth century foreign influence began to be felt in the art of the Netherlands. As the frontiers of the country were extended by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy with Maximilian of Austria, and by the union of Philip le Beau with Jeanne of Aragon, so was the domain of intellectual and material activity, and the changed political relations brought to the North the taste and models of the South. In this, the third period of their artistic development, we see the last of the Gothic painters. As Italy had once accepted the artistic yoke of Greece, now the Low Countries yielded to the enchantment of Florence and Rome. Flemish painters went to Italy, where generally they lost the qualities of their national art without acquiring those of the land of their sojourning. Landscape and genre now appearing for the first time remained unimpaired and in portraiture, with leaders like Pourbus the elder—last of the great painters of the school of Bruges—Martin de Vos, and Joost Van Cleve, they maintained their own. With such names as these are linked those of Paul

Bril, Giles Van Coninxloo, Blès, and Gassel, on the one hand, Peter Breughel the elder, the Van Valkenborgs, and Beuckelaer on the other, supplying the intermediate but wholly Flemish chain which unites Cristus and Jérôme Bosch to Teniers, Brauwer, de Vadder, and d'Arthois.

The fourth period, occupying the greater part of the seventeenth century, comprises the birth and culmination of the glorious school of Rubens. The Spanish Low Countries were now an independent state, and the mild rule of the Archduke Albert and his consort Isabel had succeeded the massacres of the Duke of Alva, while a worldly and tolerant priesthood had taken the place of the relentless Inquisition. With the nation's return to peace and material prosperity came Rubens and the brilliant throng of artists who were his contemporaries. This was the time of Jordens, Van Dyck, Snyders, the de Voss, Teniers, the Breughels, de Crayer, Quellyn, Seghers, Rombouts, Schut, Van Utricht, Van Hooche, Peeters, and the Huysmans, Meert, Sallaert, de Vadder, the Van Oosts, Jean Van Clève, Brauwer and Craesbecke, and abroad Flemish art was represented by Pourbus, Champaigne, Van der Meulen, and Boel in France; Van Somer and Sieberchts in England; Francis Luyck in Austria, and Suttermans, Jean Miel and Liévin Méhus in Italy. With the death of Albert, who, with Isabel, had done something to advance the interests of art, the land fell once more under the deadly yoke of Spain; this galaxy of stars faded out of sight with none to take their places. The Renaissance of Flemish art, apparently, had reached its limits.

With the fifth period, which Professor Wauters begins just before the eighteenth century decay set in, Belgium had become the battlefield of Europe, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, the English, and the Germans in turns occupying its devastated territories, which were finally ceded to Austria in 1713. "When the soldiers of the Convention invaded the Austrian Netherlands, Flemish art was no more, and it was not given to the Republic, to the Emperor Napoleon, or to King William to revive it."

The sixth period of Flemish art opens with the Revolution of 1830, which made Belgium an independent kingdom. It is under the influence of the French school, our author tells us, that the Flemish artists have gradually gained strength, and "participated in all the great international competitions called into existence by the cosmopolitanism of the age." Might he not go much farther and say truly that there is nothing left of the old Flemish school, and that what he calls neo-Flemish art is as absolutely Parisian as the language and the habits of the people of Brussels to-day? We accept his record of the Belgian school of the nineteenth century with the names of Navez, Wappers, Gallait, Leys, Madou, the brothers Stevens, Fourmois, Verlat, De Winne, Clays, Boulanger, Verwée, Henri de Braekeleer, Agnèssens, Hermans, and Emile Wauters; but is there anything, one may well ask, beyond the accident of birth, which should distinguish these men as belonging to any school outside of France? Might not, indeed, a close parallel be drawn between the relation of Belgian and French art of to-day and that of the Dutch and Flemish in the fifteenth century, when the artists, both of Holland and the Netherlands, "sought inspiration from the same sources, and were guided by the lessons of the same master?"

This volume is the second of the admirable "Fine Art Library" series, published by Cassell & Co. The original work was crowned by the Royal Belgian Academy. Mrs. Henry Rosell's translation is all that could be desired. The illustrations of the book are numerous, and, considering its cheapness, are satisfactory.

Correspondence.

REGARDING CHINA PAINTING.

H. T., Albany, finds that, on having her decorated china fired, parts of the color "blister and flake off," and asks for the cause and the remedy. The trouble may be due to using too much flux or to putting on too thickly some color which should be used thinly. There is no remedy. To paint over the blistered parts and fire the piece again would only aggravate the case.

H. S. T., Toledo, O.—The effect of transparency produced by the vitrification of the colors in firing will to a certain extent clear up the muddiest painting; but to obtain the full brilliancy and best effect of the colors, they must not be overworked. All teasing or overworking of the colors tends to loss of clearness and brilliancy in the painting. Before you touch your work, think what you desire to do, and then endeavor to accomplish it with as little circumspection and hesitation as possible. Do not lay the color in little dabbling strokes, but with a firm, free touch.

SHADING DRAPERIES IN FAN-PAINTING.

ASTRA, Brooklyn.—Complementary colors should be used in shading the dresses or draperies; red may be shaded with green, yellow with violet, ultramarine blue with orange, orange with blue, violet with Indian yellow, cobalt blue with ochre; carmine may be shaded with light emerald green, emerald green with violet blue, and lemon yellow with lilac, made of pink and light blue. The grays shade all colors. Black is shaded with white, and white with black. All colors must be mixed with white. More white must be used on textile fabrics than on paper.

TO PAINT BARBERIES IN OILS.

BISHOP, Troy, N. Y.—For the berries mix vermilion and carmine; shade with carmine and brown madder or Rubens madder. The berries in the strongest lights should have more vermilion, especially in the highest lights. Berries behind or in the background paint in crimson lake shaded as above. Use for the foliage zinober greens 1, 2, and 3, Indian yellow, indigo and Vandyck brown. Paint the stems in Vandyck brown, white, and a little indigo.

TO PAINT PEACH BLOSSOMS IN OILS.

A. T., Santa Barbara.—Use German rose madder; for shadows, white, ivory black and yellow ochre, with a touch of the rose madder; for high lights, white and rose madder, with a touch of cadmium yellow. Wild roses may be painted with the same colors. For yellow peaches use cadmium yellow and white; shade with burnt umber and carmine tempered with the local tint; for high lights use white, ivory black and a very little burnt Sienna.

TAPESTRY PAINTING.

ASPER, Boston.—The albumen process is one of the oldest known, and it is generally agreed that the famous painted tapestries at the Hôtel Dieu at Rheims were executed by some such means. The ordinary colors employed are earths, ochres and lakes, reduced to impalpable powder and ground up with white of egg. For spreading these colors on the canvas, the whites of eggs are beaten up and mixed with an equal quantity of water, until the whole becomes a thick froth, which is allowed to settle. When the painting is finished it is next washed over with a solution of acetic acid or vinegar diluted with water, or it is subjected to a heat of one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, to coagulate the albumen contained in the painting, and thereby fix it.

This process produces paintings in some degree waterproof, but, from the instability of the materials (white of egg decomposing rapidly), it is of little practical value for amateur artists.

B. T., Milwaukee.—(1) The material on which the paintings, in imitation of tapestry, are executed, is a stout ribbed canvas, producing a perfect illusion as to texture, when it is painted over. The canvas is not prepared to receive the colors by sizing or in any other way. It is required to remain soft and pliable, and is simply wetted on the spots about to be colored. The colors really are dyes.

S. B. S., New York.—(1) Materials for tapestry painting can be bought of M. T. Wynne, 75 East Thirteenth Street. (2) Painted tapestry was well known and extensively employed in the fifteenth century, as the hangings of the Hôtel Dieu at Reims prove; and oil-painting was applied to tissues, and often combined with the effects of woven materials, in the time of Henry II., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. The revival of this kind of painting, which had long since fallen in desuetude, is due to M. Binant, who brought it into public notice at the first Exposition de l'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliques à l'Industrie, in 1861.

SUNDY QUERIES ANSWERED.

H. H. T., Milwaukee.—Rembrandt's "The Saviour Healing the Sick," is the real title of the etching commonly called "The Hundred Guilder." The impression taken before the cross-hatchings were put in is the most valuable "state." Only eight such impressions were printed. One is in the British Museum, one in the Imperial Library in Vienna, one in the Royal Collection in Amsterdam, one in the Royal Library at Paris, one in the Brussels Museum of Art, one in Rome, one in the possession of Baron Verstaak, and the owner of the remaining one can obtain two thousand dollars for it by bringing it to New York, there being a standing offer for it of this amount.

H. S., Chicago.—The fashion of wearing black next to the skin is only permissible to persons of fair complexion, and even then is not to be commended.

F. S. T., Springfield, Mass.—The following recipe for ebonizing white wood has been recommended to us: Get one quart of strong vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. extract of logwood, 2 oz. green copperas, 1 oz. China blue, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. nutgall. Place in an iron pot, and boil over a slow fire till all are dissolved. When cool, it is ready for use. Next get $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of iron rust, which is obtained by taking a handful of iron filings and immersing them in strong vinegar for several days. Add it to the other mixture.

A. F., Philadelphia.—Hard paste is made by mixing china clay (kaolin) and felspar (petunse). Soft paste is the product of a mixture of fine clay with silex and other materials.

SUBSCRIBER.—Good lead-pencils are so cheap that there is no excuse for using any but the best. If your artists' color-man does not keep Dixon's American Graphite pencils, write to the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J., mentioning The Art Amateur and enclosing sixteen cents, and you will get a very liberal package of samples by return of mail.

S. P. B., New York.—The Washington Monument, which is 555 feet high, is the tallest tower of ancient or modern times. The Cologne Cathedral towers, 511 feet, come next, and the Great Pyramid, 486 feet, next. (2) The Bartholdi Statue of "The Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World" will be 309 feet

high and, therefore, will rise above the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, the height of which is 287 feet. The steeple of Trinity Church is 284 feet high. (3) The Colossus of Rhodes was only 105 feet high.

A. I. L., Newark, N. J.—Small wooden panels covered with bronzed leather ready for painting on in oils may be had of Yandell, the upholsterer, 6 East Eighteenth Street. The bronzes vary in color, there being green, brown, and red. Their effect as a background is highly decorative. Such panels inserted in the sides of a table, or in the doors of a cabinet are very rich.

TREATMENT OF DESIGNS.

PLATE 455 is a design for a dessert plate—"Eglantine." For the delicate coloring of the flower use carmine No. 1, washed on lightly. Mix a very little deep purple with the carmine for dark touches and shading. Erase all color from the centres of the flowers before putting on orange yellow and sepia for the stamens. Shade them with brown green. Use a touch of grass green for the centres of the flowers. For the stems mix a little carnation with green, shading with brown green, and use the same coloring for the calyxes. Grass green with a little mixing yellow may be used for the grasses, shading with brown green. Where the light is strongest on the leaves use grass green and a little mixing yellow, shading with brown green. Where seen in shadow add deep blue to grass green, shading with brown green. A little deep purple added to grass green will give the grayish green shadows. Outline the work with deep purple and brown No. 17, mixed in equal proportions.

Plate 456 is a simple flower study, useful for the decoration of a wall basket, a whisk broom cover or a door panel. The flowers are a delicate shade of light bluish purple, qualified by grays, while the leaves are a rather light yellow green, very warm in quality.

If a background is desired, make a tone of light amber yellow, qualified by grays. The value of this tone must be much lighter than the flowers, though a shadow may be thrown upon the background by the flowers, falling a little to the right and above. Paint the flowers with permanent blue or cobalt, white, a little madder lake, ivory black and yellow ochre for the general tone, adding raw umber and light red in the shadows. The high lights are painted with white, permanent blue, a little madder lake, and a little ivory black. For the green leaves use light zinniber green and white, qualified by light cadmium, madder lake and ivory black, adding Antwerp blue to make a bluer green if necessary, the cadmium being used to increase the yellow quality. In the shadows use Antwerp blue, raw umber white, burnt Sienna, ivory black and cadmium. The stems and buds are warmer and lighter than the leaves, needing more yellow, black and white than the other greens. Paint the background with light cadmium, yellow ochre, white, ivory black and a very little light red. In the shading thrown by the flowers use raw umber, yellow ochre, burnt Sienna, ivory black, white and a very little permanent blue. To paint this study in water-colors, use the same colors as for painting in oil, with these few exceptions: Use lamp black in place of ivory black, cobalt in place of permanent blue, and rose madder for madder lake. In the background add sepia. If painted on water-color paper, with transparent washes, omit all white, leaving the paper clear for the lights, or taking them out with blotting paper, having previously wet the place with a clean brush dipped in water. Should the painting be done on wood, cardboard, silk, velvet or any such material the colors, on the

contrary, must all be mixed with Chinese white, and an under-painting must be first made of Chinese white alone, which is allowed to dry before painting over it.

Plate 457 is a study of the single poppy for panel or other decoration. The flower is of a grayish pink color, shading toward the centre into a beautiful tone of purplish or blue black. The leaves are a cool gray green and the buds are silvery gray, faintly tinged with green. The centre of the poppy is gray green, shaded with dark purplish gray. An appropriate background for this coloring would be a very light delicate silver gray, with shadows from the flowers falling a little above and to the left. To paint the pink poppy in oil colors, use madder lake, yellow ochre, white, and a little ivory black, adding a touch of cobalt, with light red, in the shadows. The deep purple gray at the centre is painted with ivory black, madder lake and cobalt, with a little white and burnt Sienna. The green leaves are painted with permanent blue, cadmium, light red, ivory black and white, adding madder lake, raw umber and burnt Sienna in the shadows, but omitting light red. In painting the buds, use the same colors, but with less yellow and more black and madder lake in the general tone. The stems are a little more yellow than the buds, therefore use more cadmium. In painting the high light of the pink petals of the poppy use madder lake, a little ivory black and white. The light silver gray background is painted with silver white, yellow ochre, ivory black, light red and a very little permanent blue or cobalt. In the shadows cast by the flowers use burnt Sienna in place of bright red. To paint this design in water-colors, use the same colors as for oil, substituting lamp black for ivory black, using madder for madder lake, and cobalt for permanent blue. Omit the white in transparent washes, and follow the directions for opaque water-color painting given in regard to Plate 456.

Plate 458 is a design for a coffee cup and saucer—"Pansies"—by I. B. S. N. Paint the pansies in different shades of purple. For the darkest flowers use deep golden violet shaded with the same and a little black mixed. Use jonquil yellow or orange yellow for the yellow parts, shaded with a little brown green. Add a touch of orange red for the bright spot of color on the lower lip. Mix a little deep blue with golden violet for pansies of a medium bluish shade. Shade them with the same color. If this tint is preferred for the lower petals, put it on very delicately, leaving the china clear for a touch of yellow in the centres of the flowers. Use still more deep blue with the golden violet for the very pale variety, putting on touches of deep violet for the markings on them. Vary the tints of purple by adding more or less deep blue to golden violet. Deep purple can be used for a flower or two. Use grass green with a little deep blue added for the leaves, and shade them with brown green. On the deep band at the base of the cup splashes of gold work or irregular lines of gold can be used effectively. Outline the decoration with color made from equal parts of brown No. 17 and deep purple.

Plate 459.—Monograms. "G."

Plate 460.—Embroidery design for a chair back, from the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

Plate 461.—Designs and suggestions for metalworkers.

For the figure designs on pages 54 and 55 consult the directions in recent numbers for similar designs, and also the table of colors in The Art Amateur for May, 1884.

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Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. 13. No. 4. September, 1885.



PLATE 462.—OUTLINE SKETCHES.
FIRST PAGE OF THE SERIES. BY EDITH SCANNELL.
(See page 86.)

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. 13. No. 4. September, 1885.

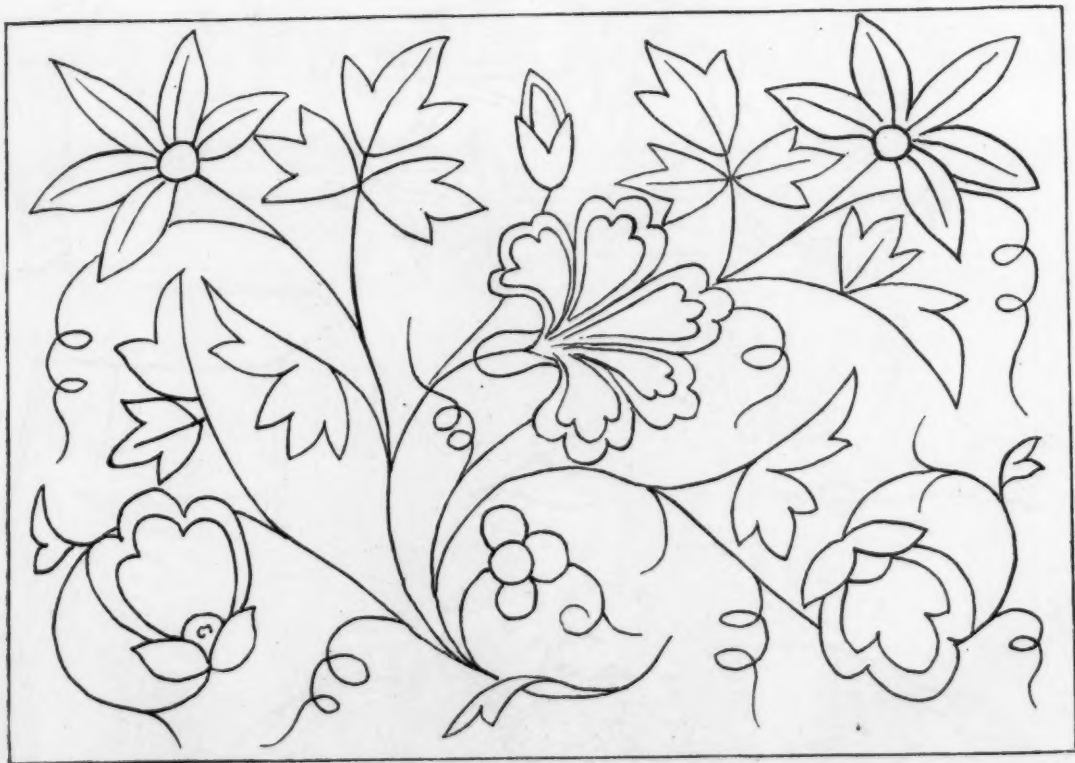
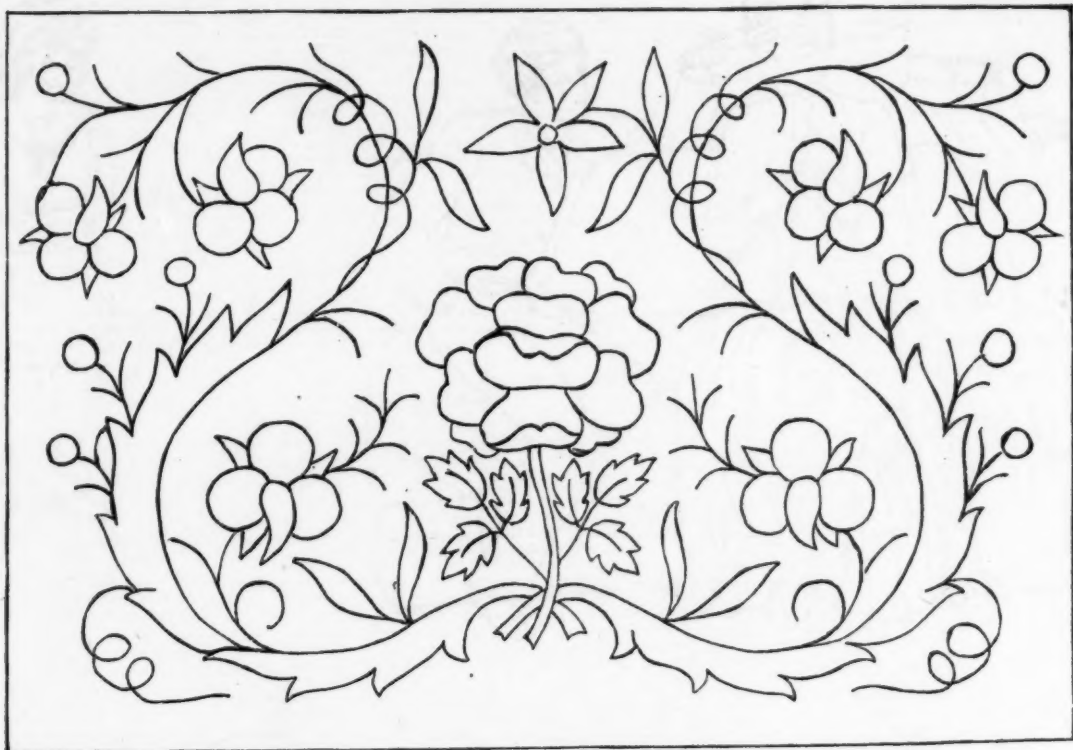


PLATE 463.—DESIGNS FOR WALL POCKETS.
FROM THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. 13, No. 4. September, 1885.



PLATE 466.—DESIGN FOR A DESSERT PLATE. "Primroses."

THE TENTH OF A SERIES OF TWELVE. By I. B. S. N.

(For directions for treatment, see page 86.)

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

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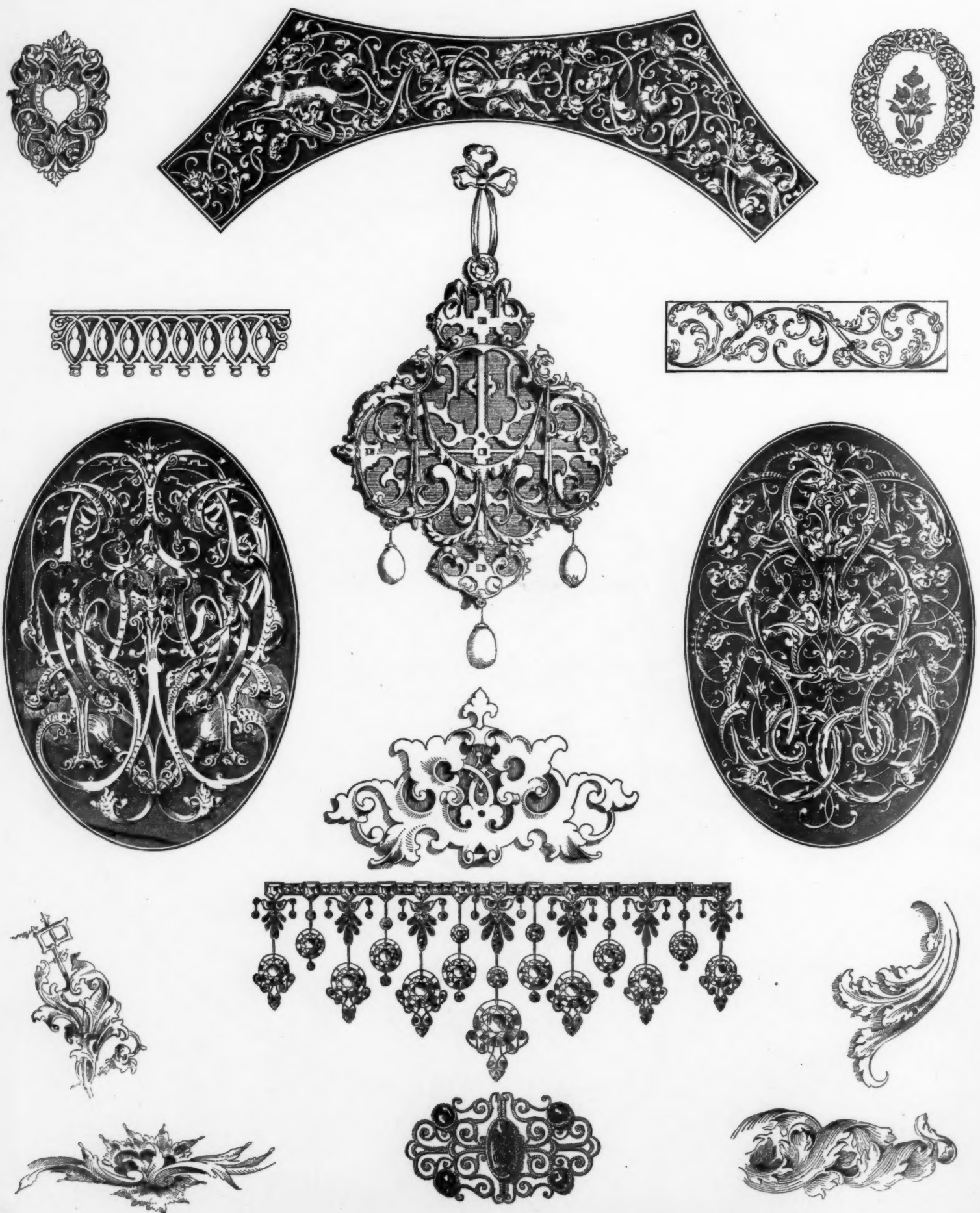


PLATE 467.—DESIGNS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR METAL WORK.

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. 13, No. 4. September, 1885.

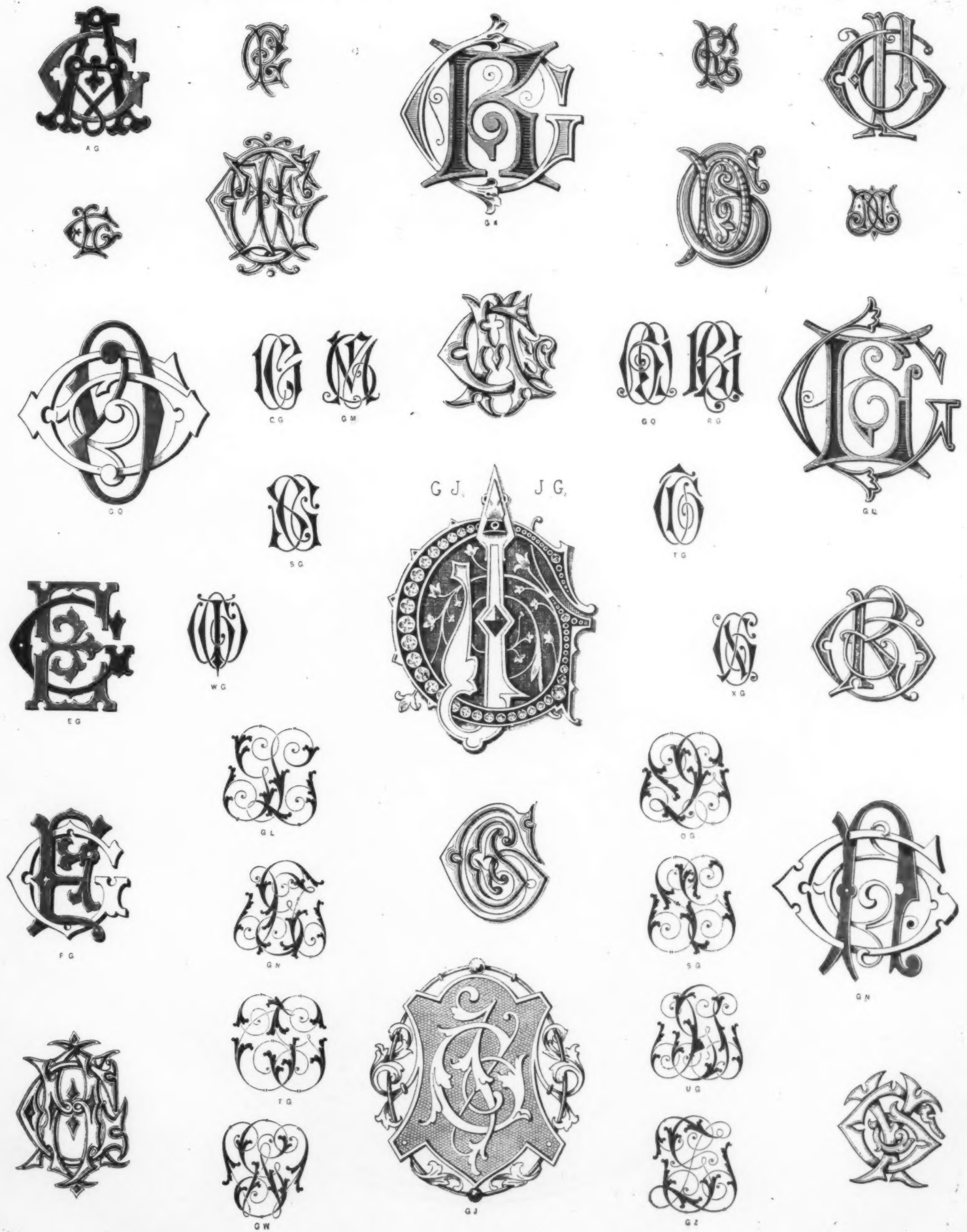


PLATE 468.—MONOGRAMS. "G."
FOURTEENTH PAGE OF THE SERIES.

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PLATE 489.—DESIGN FOR A CUP AND SAUCER. "Azaleas."
(For directions for treatment, see page 86.)

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PLATE 464.—DESIGN FOR A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.
FROM THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. 13. No. 4. September, 1885.

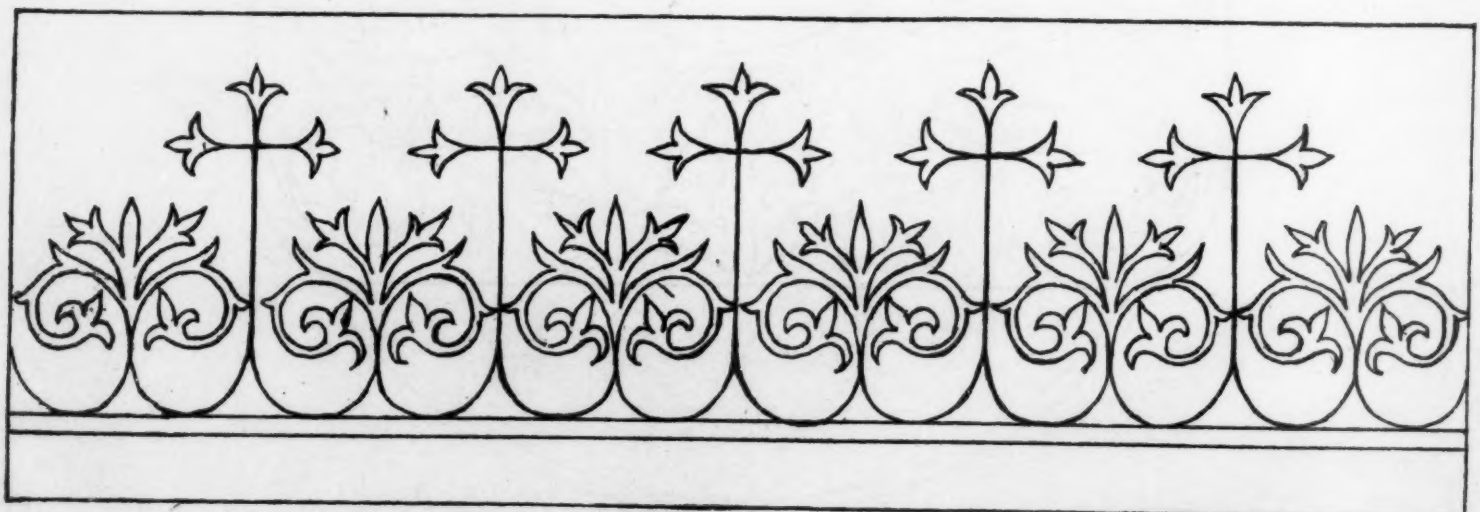
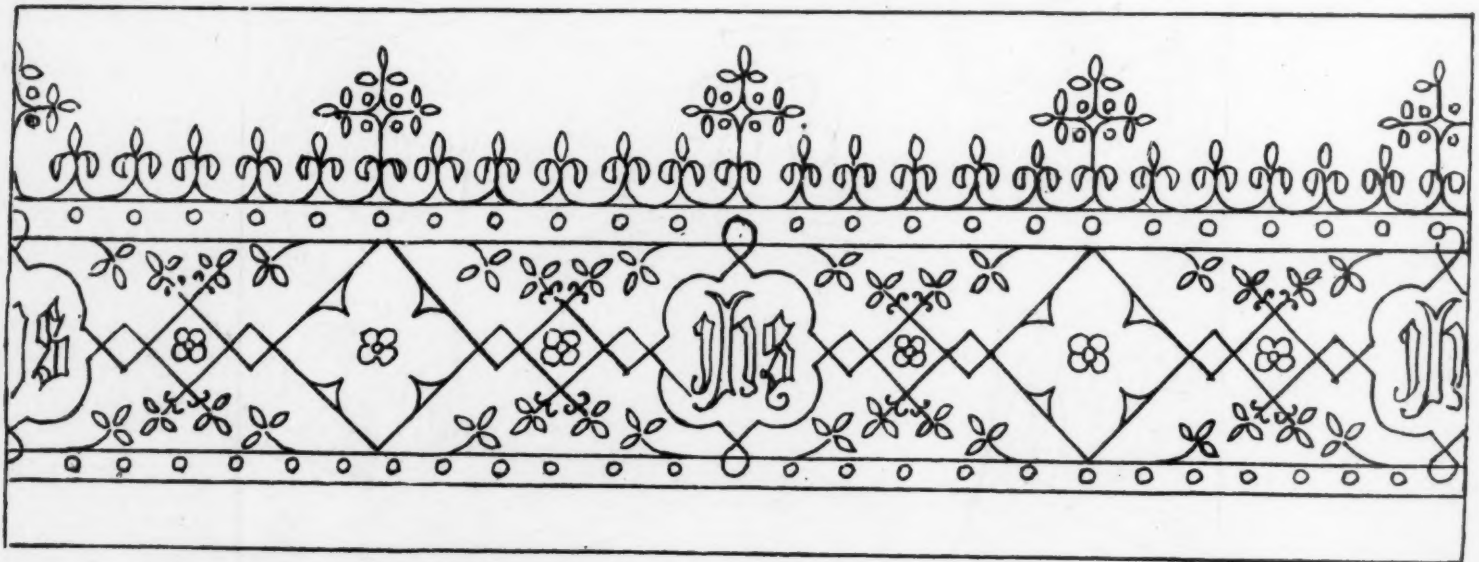
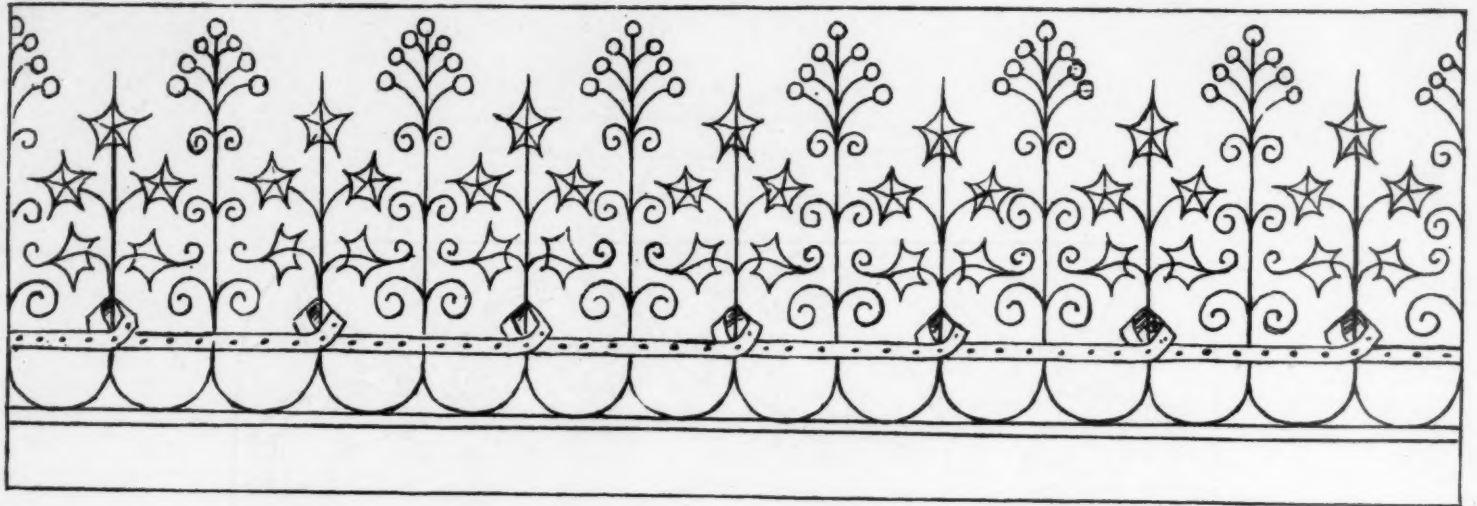


PLATE 485.—DESIGNS FOR ALTAR-CLOTH BORDERS
(See page 86.)